LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

AUGUST

10

ENTS

JUL 15 1936
SPECIAL DIVISION

GINGER ROGERS

"FRIENDLY DIVORCES ARE THE BUNK," says BETTE DAVIS

Have cool allure

Don't be sticky, wilted, and unattractive! Use Irresistible TALC to give you cool allure on hottest days. Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty perfumed deodorant talcum or dusting powder. Apply it generously all over your body.

When you haven't time for a bath, heat and weariness are banished by a quick rub with Irresistible COLOGNE on your entire body. It's a tingling, refreshing treat. Finish with Irresistible TALC or DUSTING POWDER for daintiness and flower-like fragrance, the fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Your whole body will then feel invigorated, young, glorified!

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved.



ONLY 10¢ EACH
AT ALL
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ASK FOR

Irresistible

PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, COLD CREAM, BRILLIANTINE

"Barbarous!"

A HOSTESS AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A T-BONE

"Intelligent!"



SAYS HOSTESS



SAYS DENTIST



(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA *and* MASSAGE*)*

HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." *(But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)*

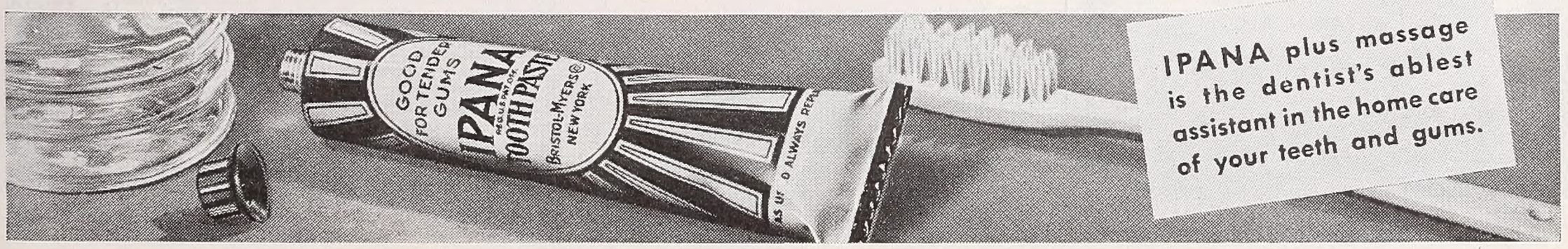
DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you —he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. *Follow his advice.* Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

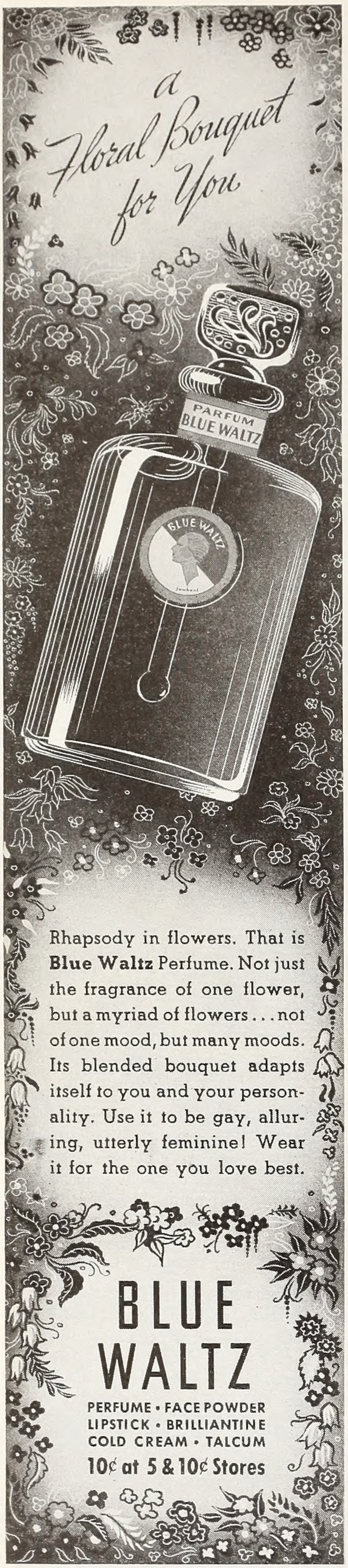
So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.



IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

JUN 27 1936

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MODERN SCREEN

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THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "Suzy"



JEAN HARLOW

"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."

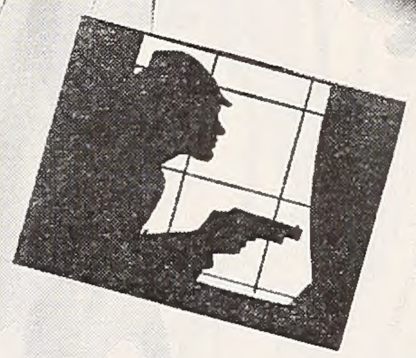


BENITA HUME

"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."







CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"



FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too..."





JEAN HARLOW IN Suzy

FRANCHOT TONE • CARY GRANT

LEWIS STONE • BENITA HUME

Directed by George Fitzmaurice

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS



1786

1786—Why not make these jaunty slacks, shorts and halter top so that you can pack them in your vacation bag? White crash printed in blue nautical motif is very effective. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.

1788—This charming dress has a pointed front yoke which is carried around and buttoned in back. The cape-like sleeves are a cool feature for summer in gaily colored shantung. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.



1788

Smart and useful styles for summer wear

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing (in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No..... Size.....

Pattern No..... Size.....

Do you want our new Summer Fashion Book?.....

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City and State.....

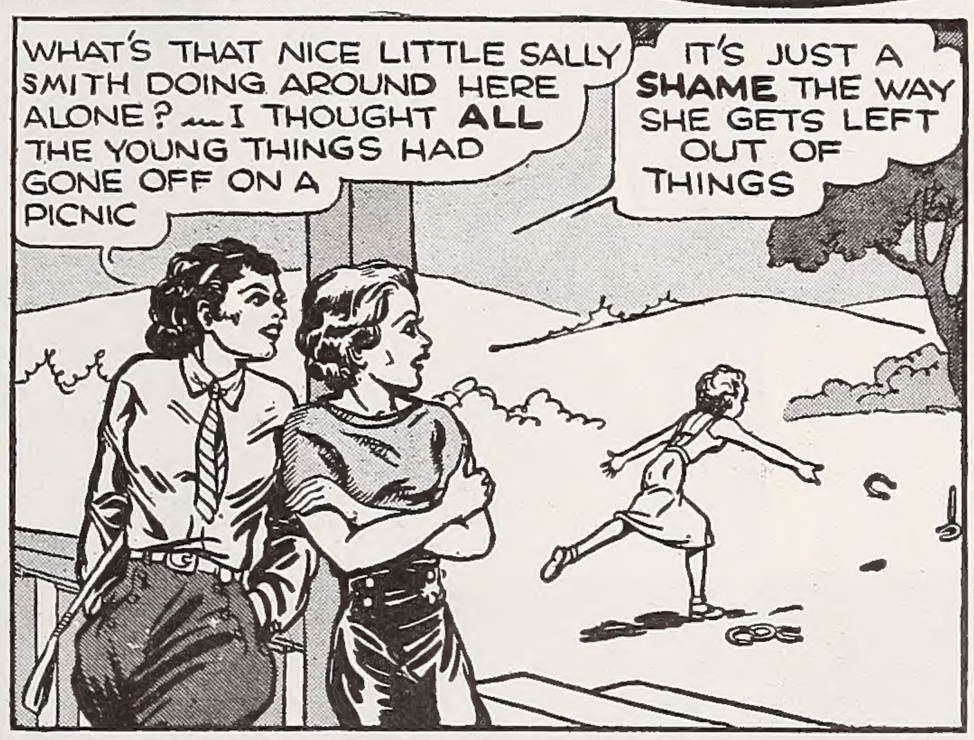
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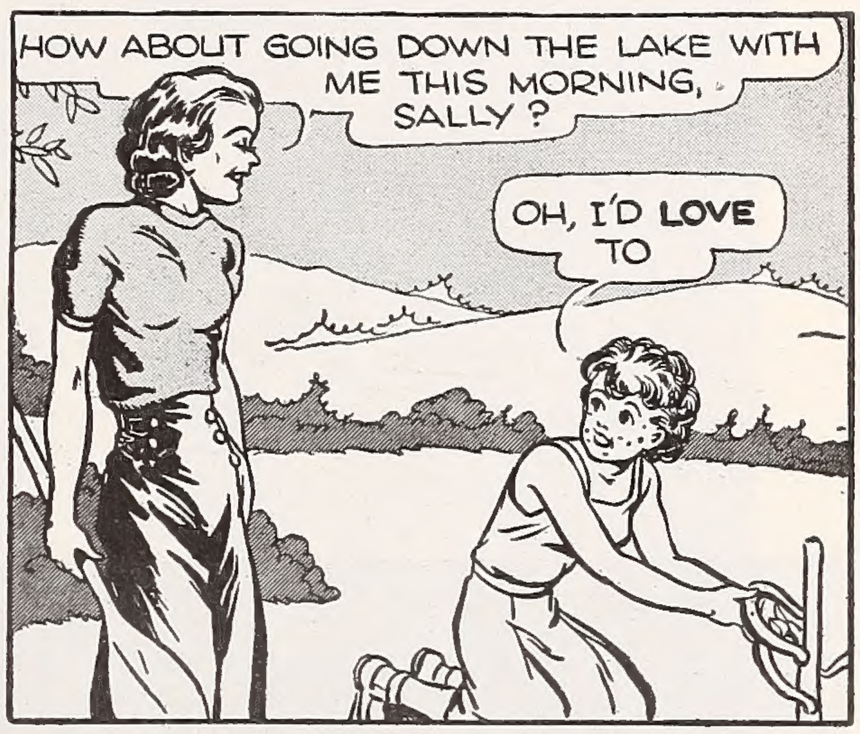


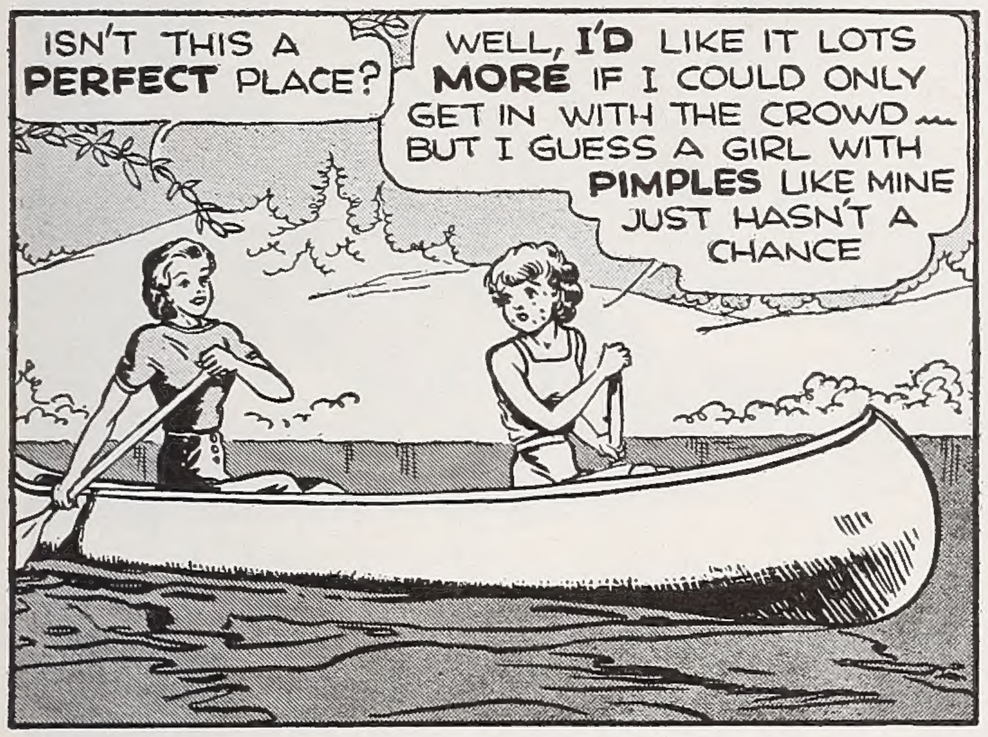
WISH I WAS HOME AGAIN— I *HATE* THIS PLACE...



SALLY'S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER











—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence —from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

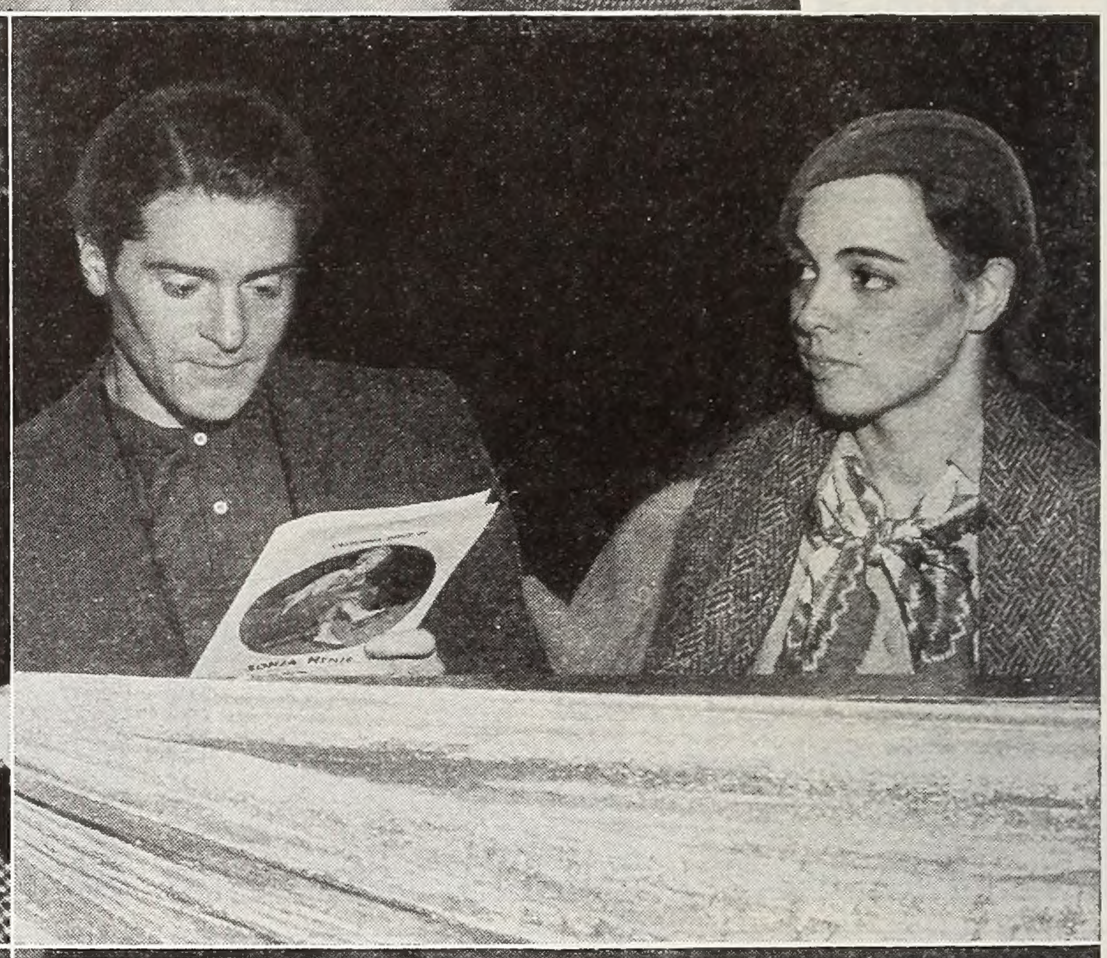
At The Polar Palace

All the who's—whosisis turned out for Sonja Henie's California skating debut. At the right, you see the cute ice-skating champion with an arm about Ruby Keeler. 'Tis said Miss Henie's price for making a picture startled even the gents who talk in colossal terms! Below, left to right is the enthusiastic star audience. Ann Sothern spikes the rumors by appearing with Roger Pryor instead of Norman Krasna. And Francis Lederer reads his program while his best gal, Mary Anita Loos, looks on. Next row below: Kay Francis and her steady, Delmar Daves, beam on Scotty. And last, Hollywood's most talked about duo, Gene Raymond with Jeanette MacDonald.













"I didn't deserve their pity"



"If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner, our happiness might have been saved"

"WHEN my divorce was granted my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people so often do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worries had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I'd learned about "Lysol" sooner."

How stupid that we should let blind, *reckless* ignorance like this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the world-wide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed, "Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs *even in the presence of organic matter* (such as mucus, serum, etc.) . . . when many other preparations *don't work*.

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a *free* brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.



Lysol Disinfectant

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP Bloomfield, N. J.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant Dept. MS8

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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One of the "BIGGIES"

Lionel Stander is sitting pretty now—and nobody's more surprised than he





By Philip K. Scheuer

AS SOON as his contract was cinched, Lionel Stander bought a house and remodeled it. The first piece of furniture was a bed. It was the only piece of furniture in the house for weeks, and eventually everybody, whether occupant or visitor, gravitated toward it. There was no other place to sit down.

Stander heard of a good cook—they're scarce in Hollywood—and hired her pronto. Then he realized he had no stove. It took him three weeks to get the one he wanted. During that time the cook called up every day to ask how things were coming. That was all she had to do. Stander wasn't taking any chances on losing her.

Then he bought a bridge table, a pool table, and after that, bit by bit, specially-made tables and chairs. These were all very simple, very modern, and very serviceable. Stander helped the architect design them.

Pretty soon the house was a home and, like its owner, unique.

It was typical, too, of the way Stander does things. A non-conformist in domestic affairs, he is regarded in the only-slightly-wider circle that is Hollywood as nothing less than an iconoclast. "Lionel Stander?" people say. "Oh, you mean that one-man revolution."

And he revels in it—revels in being different. When he's not working—which happens less and less often—you'll find him sprawled on a ledge atop the hill at the end of North LaBrea, blinking down at the film city and croaking his defiance of it and the rest of the universe in that bullfrog voice which has brought him fame and fortune.

SO TODAY I'm one of the biggies," he'll say, his tone guttural and harsh, his head wagging from side to side. "One of the biggies. Me, a guy with a grotesque voice and a grotesque pan, up in the big money! Tomorrow—

"What do they want to know about me?" he'll bark, then; and, without waiting for an answer, "Tell them about the quick, surprised expression on my puss when I reach into my pocket and pull out a quarter. Tell them about the eleven people, relatives and what-not, I'm supporting—me, a guy who never held a job more than six months in his life!"

Stander had acted in five pictures in Hollywood before "The Scoundrel" hit the town. It wasn't until then that they really began to appreciate what a gold mine they had in this dark, homely, immensely magnetic six-footer with the tousled



Lionel Stander and Jean Arthur during a tense moment in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

hair, the mismatched eyes—one brown, one gray—and the scrapy vocal cords.

"The Scoundrel," you will recall, was Hecht and MacArthur's fantastic melodrama about New York's decadent literati, with Noel Coward as the publisher who played dead.

After it was released, Stander sensed a new respect for his abilities among studio executives. He played Harold Lloyd's trainer in "The Milky Way," and was in "If You Could Only Cook" and "The Music Goes 'Round." Somewhere along about here he found time to go back and do another stretch for Hecht and MacArthur at their Long Island studio, interpreting "the world's only true radical" in "Soak the Rich." More recently he has been seen as Gary Cooper's distraught press agent in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." In "Meet Nero Wolfe," his latest, he's a dumb detective.

STANDER, who's known to his intimates as Jay (his middle name), started off in Hollywood as a "dialect comedian."

"But I don't hold it too much against 'em," he grins. "I'd been a dialect comedian for so long on the radio that people forgot I had ever done anything else."

Jay was on nine air programs, off and on. He faked Rubinoff's voice on (*Continued on page 91*)

NEW GLARE-PROOF POWDER SHADES



The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.



New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

POND'S SUNLIGHT Shades flatter your skin in the Hardest Light

NOW you can defy the full glare of the sun! Go out into it hatless! . . . Confident your skin has only the soft sunny glow of early spring sunshine! Pond's "Sunlight" shades are away from the old "sun-tan" powders. Totally new in effect. Glare-proof! They catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . Soften your face in hardest light! Becoming with every stage of tan.



MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 *Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices—Glass jars,* **35¢, 70¢.** *New big boxes,* **10¢, 20¢.**

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Picnics are Fun

and Jean Parker's edible outing suggestions, simply swell

By Marjorie Deen



Courtesy Bond Bread Bakers

WHAT DO I really think of picnics?" replied Jean Parker in answer to a question I put to her recently on "The Texas Rangers" set. "Why, picnics are fun!" and she wrinkled up her retroussé little nose as though she could already smell the sea.

For Jean, I discovered from our conversation, is essentially a beach picnic enthusiast. The combination of a long swim in the salty waves (Jean is an expert swimmer), preceding a restful sunning on the sands and followed by a perfectly scrumptious picnic lunch, is just about the ideal way to spend a summer's day, to her way of thinking.

Here are the three sandwiches which may be included in your next picnic basket — hearty, dainty, tempting.

But those of us who may not have a beach within a cool thousand miles (or a far-too-hot hundred leagues) can picnic quite as enthusiastically, given the right refreshments, in the woods, on the rock-faced side of a mountain, in the shade of a tree, in the city park (police permitting!), in the corner of our own porch or backyard or even at the kitchen table! For picnics, after all, are dependent rather upon a state of mind than upon locality.

Of course, as I've already suggested, foods also play an important part in making a day's picnic outing successful. And on this subject I found Jean Parker most helpful.

"Oh, my, yes, I have very definite ideas on picnic foods," she assured me, "for I think eating is half the fun of going off for the day. Picnic foods, in my opinion, should comply with the following three rules: variety, quantity and easy "packability," if I may coin a word. But there are limitations to each one of these three es-



Jean Parker, an avid picnicker, has some excellent tips on the subject.

sentials. Variety, for instance, doesn't mean being fancy and involved. And quantity does not mean taking along too much stuff, later to discard it recklessly along the way without regard for scenery or subsequent visitors. The third requirement, that of easy packing, can be met both by the correct packing equipment and the right type of foods to take along. Of course, this packing business is not very important if you plan to eat within the confines of your own place. But even so if the food is not the sort that could be packed easily, then it isn't the kind that suggests a picnic meal in the first place!"

BRIEFLY, then, what would you consider an ideal menu for a picnic?" I asked and hastened to add, "although I do think the term 'menu' is rather a formal way to describe such essentially informal foods. Perhaps 'eats' would be better."

"'Eats' it is," replied Jean with that charming smile that has won her such a devoted fan following and an attractive husband. "Of course, the easiest of all to pack and carry are sandwiches," she went on, helpfully. "You could talk about sandwiches for picnics for an hour and there would still be some novel sandwich spread you had forgotten or never even heard of. One of my favorite sandwich fillings is a combination of home-made ham loaf and chopped sweet pickles. This loaf is tasty, slices well and is bound to be popular with everyone.

"My ideal picnic menu would also include a salad. I tasted one the other evening at a buffet supper party that was so good that I intend to take this special type of Potato Salad with us the very next time we go picnicking. Many buffet supper refreshments would make marvelous picnic fare and the other way 'round," Jean observed sagely. "This particular salad would be just as good afield as at home—equally tasty whether served from a large wooden salad bowl onto dainty china or from a Mason jar or thermos container onto a paper plate! It has a most surprising and delicious assortment of ingredients, though not one of them is unusual in itself. It's just the combination that is intriguingly new." (I have the recipe for this Combination Potato (*Continued on page 71*)



"Oh, you cat! Why don't you tell Sue how to get rid of tattle-tale gray instead of meowing behind her back?"
"Don't worry, darling. I *will* tell her, first time I catch her alone."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, Sue—but your clothes *do* tattle about you. It's not your fault. I know you aren't careless. But that lazy soap you use doesn't wash clean, and the clothes say so."



"Now you just change to my standby, Fels-Naptha. That *richer, golden soap* is *so packed with naptha* dirt practically flies out. Try it for stockings and undies, too—it's wonderfully gentle. And it's easier on hands because every bar holds glycerine."

"P-s-s-st, it's Sue. She wants us for dinner so we can see how perfectly grand her linens and things look now."
"Boy, one of *her* dinners is something. You'd better go tipping off *all* your friends to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!"

© FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Remember one little thing



...or *this*

may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm ...upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

WHY A CORRECTLY TIMED LAXATIVE IS PREFERABLE

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y . . . that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's *correctly timed*. Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

And here's another nice thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There's a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Find Inside Facts About Your Favorites

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

HENRY FONDA: According to this department's readers, young Mr. Fonda must have "what it takes" and plenty to spare. In short, this poor old Desk is literally sagging with requests for his biography, and hastens to relieve itself of the burden here and now. On a certain May 16, Henry was born in Grand Island, Neb., of non-professional parents. William Brace Fonda, his father, packed his family off to live in Omaha when Hank was a mere youngster. There he attended public and high schools with a writing career in view. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota by serving as athletic instructor and general coach at a nearby settlement house, and studied Journalism along with various other writing courses. Upon graduating he tried in vain to get a newspaper job and finally became interested in the Omaha Community Playhouse. There Henry played his first dramatic role but took more of a liking to the technical end of the stage, remaining there for 3 years as scene designer and painter. In the summer of 1928 he journeyed New Yorkward, found work at the Cape Playhouse at Dennis, Mass., and then accepted an engagement at a summer theatre in Falmouth, Mass. Came Fall and an engagement with the Theatre Guild as extra and understudy. In one of these minor roles he was noticed by June Walker, selected to play the lead in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Through her he was introduced to Marc Connolly and given the male lead. Soon after, Walter Wanger signed Henry to a contract, loaned him to Fox for "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "Way Down East," to RKO for Lily Pons' "I Dream Too Much," and finally used him in "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Moon's Our Home." Right now he is working in Mr. Wanger's "Spendthrift" with Pat Paterson. As you probably know, Margaret Sullavan was at one time Mrs. Henry Fonda, and rumor has it that since the making of "The Moon's Our Home" in which they were co-starred, their romance has been renewed. Henry is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. Write him at Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif.

LOURDES, Holyoke, Mass.—Charlie Chan's son in those most excellent film stories is not Warner Oland's real son. His name is Keye Luke, he was born near Canton, China, educated in the United States and is a very talented artist. He will play with Mr. Oland again in "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" and also in "The Good Earth." By the way, Warner Oland is Swedish by birth, not Chinese.

JOHN HOWARD: Here's another young man whose star has risen apace during the past year. His real name is John Cox and he was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 14, 1913. Educated in the public schools of East Cleveland, he was an excellent student and won a scholarship to Western Reserve University, where he achieved more honors than you would believe possible. He was president of the University Players and the Student Council; senior manager of the basketball team; member of the National Collegiate Players, of the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet, the University Choir and the Thalian Club; won a Phi Beta Kappa Key, a W.R.U. Honor Key, a scholarship for work in English and a couple of essay prizes. Moreover, he was chosen as the most outstanding man in the Senior Class. The rest of his school activities were divided between dramatics and sports, and he managed to find time to sing and play the piano over radio station WHK. In the spring of 1934 a Paramount talent scout spotted young Cox in a campus show and offered him a chance to go to Hollywood. Amazingly enough, he refused. This was because, among all the other honors, he had won a scholarship to the graduate school and without that training he could not become the professor of English on which he had set his heart. But hard luck—if you can call it that—stepped in, and John found that it would be financially impossible for him to take this course. So, he reconsidered the screen offer and his first test was successful. In September, 1934, Mr. Cox reported at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood and proceeded to spend his first three months studying motion picture acting and technique. His first picture was "Car 99," the second was "Four Hours to Kill" and then he became John Howard and made a big hit in "Annapolis Farewell." Followed "Millions in the Air," "Soak the Rich" and "Border Flight." His most recent film is "Lost Horizon." Howard's hobbies are drawing and painting. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He is not married. Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FRANK MONTGOMERY, Baltimore, Md.—Leave it to a man to ask for statistics! Yes, "The Great Ziegfeld" was an expensive-plus production. The picture is 20 reels long and the production costs amounted to about $2,000,000. It is said that one musical sequence alone set the studio back $245,000. And that's somepin'.

GENE RAYMOND: You'd hardly believe that Gene is of French extraction but his real name, Raymond Guion, is proof enough. Born in New York City on August 13, 1908, he made his stage debut at the tender age of 5 years. New York public and private schools gave him his education and a chance to take occasional stage roles between times. From 1922 to 1931 Gene's name was well known on Broadway and his last play, "Young Sinners," was such a success that it ran from 1929 to 1931. A motion picture contract resulted and he made his first film with Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid." Since that time he has made pictures for nearly every major studio. Horseback riding, tennis and golf are Mr. Raymond's favorite pastimes. A thick juicy steak is his pet delicacy and he's an expert at preparing bacon and eggs. An excellent pianist, he also enjoys travel and likes to spend any leisure hours on the desert. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene are seen together consistently and 'tis said that there's romance in the air. This blue-eyed, curly-haired blonde is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He has an actor brother who calls himself Robert Marlowe. You'll see Mr. Raymond next in "Marry the Girl," with Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Young. RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., is his address.

FILOMENA LA SALLE, New York, N. Y.—Yes. Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen played together in "Fazil." It was a Fox picture released in 1928.

RUBY KEELER: She may be Irish but she hails from Nova Scotia. Born in Halifax on August 25, 1909, Ruby remained a resident there for only three years, after which time the Keeler family moved to New York and Ruby began her education in the public schools. Later she joined the Professional Children's School and at the age of 13 made her stage debut. Also, while still attending school, she appeared in the choruses of several Broadway shows. Texas Guinan's floor show first brought Ruby to the public's notice, and Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap dancer in "Whoopee." 1928 brought Al Jolson and Ruby together and they were married, after which she was starred in "Show Girl." Her first movie was "42nd Street" and she made such a hit that she's been tops at Warners ever since. Off the screen Ruby is very much Mrs. Jolson, shy and retiring, a modest dresser and a swell mother to their young, adopted son, Albert. A good wife, she likes to play golf, ride horseback and fish with her husband. A typical Irish beauty is Ruby—brown wavy hair and blue eyes. Her weight is 105 pounds and she stands 5 feet 4 inches tall. At present Ruby is taking a little vacation from the screen but she'll be back shortly. Write her meanwhile at the Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

DORIS DOYLE, Orlando, Fla.; BARBEE HILL, Brookline, Mass.; KATHRINE PARKER, Englewood, N. J.—In "First a Girl" Griffith Jones was the young man who won Jessie Matthews. He also played opposite Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never." This attractive Englishman started out originally to be a lawyer but was sidetracked by the drama. When in New York playing in the legitimate production of "Escape Me Never" he was offered a movie contract but preferred to return to England and the stage.

ROSS ALEXANDER: A kindergarten production started this lad on his acting career. At least, that's what he says. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 27, 1907, young Alexander made his stage debut at the age of 4, and from that day to the present has devoted his major time to acting. While still a student—education was a duty and secondary interest—Ross joined a group of young players studying and acting under Hugh William Towne in his Little Theatre in Rochester, N. Y. After two years he returned to New York to continue his dramatic

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 15. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

training at the Packard Theatrical Agency. A lot happened on his graduation day. He became 18 years old and was assigned the juvenile lead in Blanche Yurka's "Enter Madame." That marked the beginning of a series of hit shows for him, ending with "After Tomorrow," at which time he was signed to a screen contract and sent to Hollywood. His first picture was "The Wiser Sex" opposite Claudette Colbert in 1932. 1934 brought bigger and better roles and now Warners are grooming him for stardom. His wife, Aleta Freel, died most tragically a few months ago. Ross is 6 feet 1¼ inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His hobbies are the theatre, swimming, and soccer football. "Hot Money" with Beverly Roberts is his next picture, to be followed by "China Clipper" and "Shrinking Violet." Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif., are keeping him busy.

BRIAN DONLEVY: Here is a man with a past so exciting that it reads almost like a story book. In the first place, Donlevy was born in Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, on February 9th. His father was a whiskey manufacturer who gave up that business when Brian was 10 months old to come to America and enter the woolen business. He died in 1933. His mother lives in Sheboygan Falls, Wis. Educated there and also at Beaver Dam, Cleveland, and St. John's Military Academy, Brian went to Annapolis as well. Before he was 13 he ran away to become bugler in Pershing's Mexican Punitive Expedition, and on his return 9 months later he was sent to St. John's. When he was 14 he joined the Lafayette Escadrille and went to France. There he learned to fly and became a sergeant-pilot. During 3 years of active duty he was wounded twice and after the war returned home. Brian then finished 4 years' work in 2, and received an appointment to Annapolis. During the year he remained there, he engaged in Academy theatricals, then decided to come to New York to try his luck on the stage. It was pretty bad at first, but through influential acquaintances he was given an opportunity to pose for an illustrator and finally landed the role of corporal in "What Price Glory." From that moment his steps led upward and he went from one successful show to another—from dramas to musical comedies—for 12 successful years. He went to Hollywood originally to play in "The Milky Way," but due to a delayed starting, he was cast in "Barbary Coast." Since then he has appeared in "Mary Burns, Fugitive," "Another Face," "Strike Me Pink," "13 Hours by Air," "Human Cargo" and "Half Angel." "High Tension" and "White Fang" are his latest. Brian is nearly 6 feet tall but, because of his breadth and thickness, doesn't look it. He weighs 190 pounds, has light brown hair and gray-green eyes. His middle name is Waldo, but don't let him know you know. He is not married. Write him at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

L. M. K., Bronx, N. Y.—Yes, Franchot Tone and Loretta Young played together in "Midnight Mary," which was released in 1933. No, Ginger Rogers has never had any children.

ROSALIND RUSSELL: Daughter of a prosperous attorney, James E. Russell, Rosalind was born in Waterbury, Conn., on a certain June 4th. She attended primary school near there and later went to Marymount, a private school at Tarrytown, N. Y. As a child she was able to travel through Europe, South America and all over the United States, during which period she wanted to be a writer and theologian. She also wanted to be independent and earn her own money, so she finally chose the stage. Stock company experience, first in small roles, then in large, eventually brought Miss Russell to Broadway and two successful shows. Following the run of the last, "The Second Man," she was signed by M-G-M and made "Evelyn Prentice" as her first movie. Since then she has appeared in "The Night Is Young," "The President Vanishes," "Forsaking All Others," "Reckless," "China Seas," "Rendezvous," and "Under Two Flags." "Trouble for Two" with Robert Montgomery is her most recent. Tallish, slender, brunette, with sparkling black eyes, she excels in riding and swimming. Her pet aversion is gossips, and she is determined to succeed. Rosalind is not married, but, needless to say, she is plenty popular with the male Hollywoodites. Write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

JAMES STEWART: He's certainly not good looking, he's almost too thin and his hair is most unruly—but he's on his way to the top, and in record time at that. The son of a hardware merchant, Jimmy was born in Indiana, Pa., and attended the Prep School at Mercersburg Academy. Then he went to Princeton and excelled at track, high jump and hurdle. He also studied architecture diligently and assisted a magician during the summers. When he graduated and could find no job, he was persuaded by friends to join them at the Falmouth Stock Company, on Cape Cod. Thus, Jimmy Stewart of the Princeton Triangle shows, made his debut in "Goodbye Again" and had the good fortune of opening with it in New York. Came the next summer and a job as stage manager in Boston for "Camille" with Jane Cowl. Followed "Spring in Autumn" and several others, with a summer of stock thrown in, and finally back to Broadway and a screen contract. A bit in "Murder Man" introduced him to the movie public, then came "Rose Marie," "Next Time We Love," "Wife vs. Secretary" and "Speed." His next will be "The Gorgeous Hussy." Also, he will be with Eleanor Powell in "Easy to Love." Jimmy plays the accordion, of all things, but does himself proud with it, as with everything else. As we mentioned before, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Fonda are pals of long standing. They and several other young men go "dutch treat" on a house in Hollywood and your imagination will probably tell you that there's never a dull minute in it. You may write to this gentleman at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Name.....

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I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

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MM-8

New GLAZO puts old-type nail polishes in the discard



You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use

GLORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

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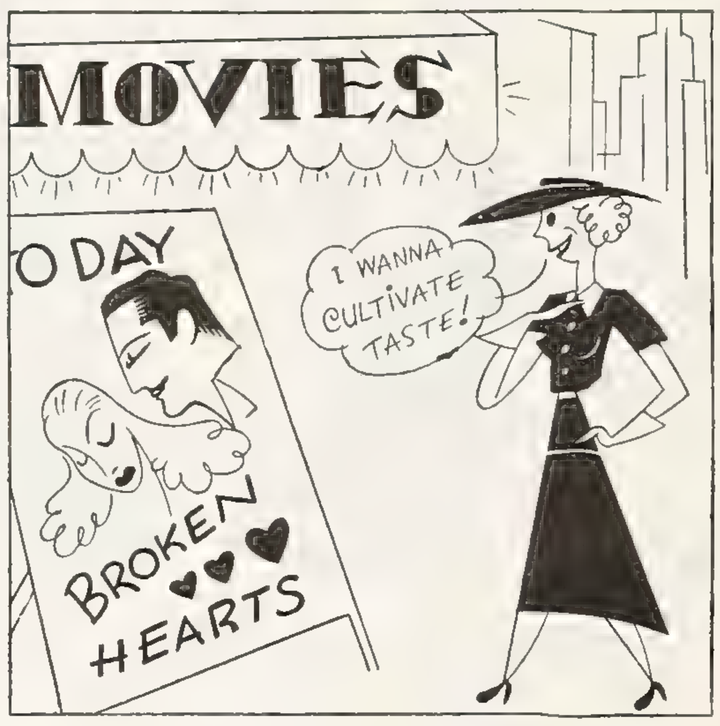
BETWEEN YOU

Write a letter—win a prize! It's as easy as that and so much fun. Get busy, folks!

$5 PRIZE LETTER
The Movies' Worth

Has it ever occurred to the legion of screen censors just what a great part these much maligned movies are playing in the lives of many thousands of people? First, the obvious part they play in spreading understanding of many types of lives beyond the ordinary knowledge; bringing romance to thousands of starved hearts completely lacking it in their drab, daily lives. Think what motion pictures mean to those people bound by circumstances to a narrow, limited environment! The world and its ways are theirs to actually look upon and to absorb, making them more intelligent people.

Then there is the second end gained—the effect on the actors and actresses themselves. Most of us can recall dozens of very ordinary young people starting out on a career, ordinary in appearance,



A Berkeley, California, gal gives her reasons for voting the movies a boon to mankind.

thought and outlook. I've lived in Hollywood and I've seen it happen over and over again. I've seen those average young persons sacrifice, slave and plan to better their appearance, their knowledge of the niceties of living, their speech. It seems to me any profession that demands constant betterment of oneself is never to be scorned.—Dorothy Loop, Berkeley, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
In Valentino's Footsteps?

The immortal Rudolph Valentino has been dead a decade. Yet, why have the movie producers failed to "talkerize" the former Valentino screen hits? Are they afraid of the long and faithful memories of the legion of Valentino fans? Do they believe it would desecrate our late idol's memory by having able actors give their interpretations of his roles?

A new generation of movie-goers has arisen since Valentino flashed to fame in "The Four Horsemen." Therefore, it would be safe to "talkerize" all of his photoplays, with small resentment shown on the part of the still avid Rudy fans.

Why not Charles Boyer in "The Sheik," Robert Taylor in "The Four Horsemen," Fredric March in "Monsieur Beaucaire," Robert Donat in "Blood and Sand" and Franchot Tone in "Cobra"?—George A. Abbate, Utica, N. Y.



From Kenosha, Wisconsin, comes a suggestion to cast Jean Parker in "Peter Pan." What do you think?

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Claudette Tops Them All

The excellence of Claudette Colbert's histrionic ability has been emphasized by every motion picture in which she has appeared for some time back. Somehow I have felt that she was best adapted to unemotional roles, that she scintillated especially in parts which gave scope to her talents as a comedienne.

As Cigarette in that epic of the Foreign Legion, "Under Two Flags," she demonstrates that my impressions have been erroneous. Warm, impetuous, tempestuous, lovable and loyal, she rises to great dramatic heights. Clearly she carries away top honors. This is particularly noteworthy inasmuch as she is cast with such outstanding stars as Ronald Colman and Victor McLaglen.—S. L. Anrud, Denver, Colorado.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Peter Pan Parker

I would like to offer a bouquet of fragile pink roses to the most exquisite vision of girlhood ever to grace the screen. Meaning, of course, delightful little Jean Parker, the beautiful Cin-

'N' ME..

What should you write about? Anything at all—the stars as you see them, why you like certain stars and dislike others, double-bills, shorts, current trends in pictures, the latest picture you've seen and why you enjoyed it, the newest movie rave in your community—male and female. Get busy, for ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Write your letter now!

derella who, from poverty and unhappiness, rose to stardom, and who, on that difficult climb, stole scenes from every famous star whose pictures she appeared in.

In my memory, always, there will ever linger one Jean, a lovely elflike child, of sweet, inspiring girlishness, with haunting eyes, misty dark curls and a bewitching pixie smile. And because of her rare elfin quality and fine ability, I suggest that Jean Parker be given "Peter Pan." For only Jean could play, with fantastic beauty and real perfection, the boy who never grew up.—Grace Agnes Horning, Kenosha, Wis.



Good old Westerns are enjoying a return engagement to the delight of fans, young and old.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
But Westerns Are Here to Stay

Recently I saw one of those "Hopalong Cassidy" epics, top-spotting, to my huge delight, platinum-haired, smiling, drawling Bill Boyd, one of the pet movie raves of my high school days. Ably assisting Bill was newcomer Jimmy Ellison. What it takes in the way of looks, build, smile and voice to satisfactorily answer any maiden's prayer, this lad has in large quantities. In fact, I'm much surprised that with all this hullabaloo for new faces going on that Jimmy has been al-

(*Continued on page 19*)

"Fascinating!"

. . . Men Say of These Three Stars

. . . wouldn't you like to have others say this about you?

DISCOVER how you, too, can have appealing loveliness with color harmony make-up created by Max Factor . . . Hollywood's make-up genius.





Rochelle Hudson's Powder Secret . . . "Your skin will look radiant, satin-smooth, if you use Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade," says Rochelle Hudson, "because the color is created to dramatize your type, and the texture is so perfect that it appears flawless even in a camera close-up." Max Factor's Powder $1.



Alice Faye Reveals Rouge Magic . . . "Your cheeks will have a lasting, lifelike color if you use your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge," says Alice Faye, "its creamy-smooth texture blends evenly, clings for hours." . . . Max Factor's Rouge 50c.

Claire Trevor's New Lip Make-Up . . . "Your lips will have an alluring color," says Claire Trevor, "if you use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in the color harmony shade for your type. Being moisture-proof, it may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, lasting color." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1.

See the magic of Max Factor's Make-Up in these 20th Century-Fox Productions:

ROCHELLE HUDSON in "The Country Beyond"

ALICE FAYE in "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

CLAIRE TREVOR in "Human Cargo"

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.
24-8-6

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STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

WARNING!

to the girl who's in *Love*



YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. *The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.*

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusions a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself — just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.



1b—White, short-sleeved model with zipper closing and navy blue scarf and tie belt. Smart in other color combinations.

2c—Pull-on sweater in clever ribbed design which stresses a high waistline. In navy wool with turnover collar and white tie.

Easy to Knit and Wear

Two good-looking sweaters to make in your leisure time this summer

YOU, who are looking forward to school, will want to start knitting these two charming and youthful sweaters to pack in your trunk. Knit them in light or bright shades, according to your costume needs and wear them now and all year 'round. They make stunning costumes when combined with skirts and jackets.

Fill out the coupon and both patterns will be sent to you free of charge. Don't forget to send along a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for the instructions.

Adelia Bird
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find stamped, self-addressed envelope for knitting directions:

Pattern 1b
Pattern 2c

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

Check one or both patterns desired

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 17*)

lowed to drift along in the obscurity of Westerns. He can make Gene Raymond, Robert Taylor, Dick Powell and Company look like the graduating class of a young ladies' seminary.

Although I know that anyone past voting age might as well confess to opium eating as to a fondness for Westerns, Messrs. Boyd and Ellison made their modest offering so entertaining that I sat through it twice.—Irene Kelly, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

New Partner for Nelson!

Please put the film companies wise to the fact that we want someone opposite Nelson Eddy besides Jeanette MacDonald in future pictures.

We are very, very strong MacDonald fans, but we do think that Lily Pons or Gladys Swarthout would make much better partners for him. The picture doesn't necessarily have to be opera, but what if it were! I think it would be a grand and glorious change from the general love story and spooky thriller. We should cultivate our tastes beyond them sometimes.—Kathryn L. Nicholas, Fredericksburg, Va.

Honorable Mention

What Say, Jean?

Jean Harlow's platinum hair was dazzling. Dazzling does not necessarily imply cheap. Tin and platinum are both dazzling, one is cheap, the other is not. There is very little in life to dazzle us, and we love it!

The softening of Jean's face, attributed to the change in her hair, is desirable. But it is accomplished by the more delicate lines of her mouth and eyebrows, as she now has them. The new hair is dull, ordinary, and unbecoming. Let's go back to the platinum standard.—"Wonder."

Just a Tip

I would like to voice a protest against the diction of some of the stars. My hearing is slightly impaired, so instead of relaxing during some pictures, I find myself straining to hear every word and phrase. I know it is partly due to the acoustics and equipment of the theatre, but I do believe if the players would improve their voices, we who are slightly hard of hearing would get more joy out of movies.

In my opinion, William Powell's diction is perfect, so, naturally, I make a special effort to see all of his pictures.—Mabel Gaulden, Roanoke, Ala.

Gloom Chaser

During the now famous—or infamous—days of the depression, there were times when it seemed that this old world was not worth staying in and while the old chin stayed up all right, it was helped to that proper rigidity by never missing a picture in which that splendid comedian, Edward Everett Horton, appeared. Therefore, I want to express my sincere appreciation of his ability to make me forget my worries and leave the theatre with a lift in my heart, after having had many good laughs during the picture. Besides being an excellent actor in any part, his facial expressions are so screamingly funny and change so suddenly that one's mind never wanders to things around for fear one second of the sequence might be missed.—G. Erskine, Seattle, Washington.

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."



FOR FINE LAUNDERING

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



GOOD NEWS



Romantic ups-and-downs vie with social doings for top

The expected break-up of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres finally arrived and now Mrs. Ayres, known on the screen as Ginger Rogers, has moved out. Hundreds of reasons for the parting have been voiced about. Some say Lew wouldn't take the little wife out evenings, and others blame it on Ginger's recent screen prominence. The real reason, and the simplest of all, is that they turned out to be a couple of people who couldn't get along. We first noticed it six months ago, at Grace Bradley's hay ride party. Ginger spent most of the evening dancing with other men and Lew spent all of it walking around looking sullen. A couple of weeks before they announced the separation, they squabbled in a Hollywood cafe and Ginger walked out. Things like that happen, they say, even outside our little Hollywood movie colony.

And now that Ginger is a free woman again and has no dishes to wash or whatever it is wives have to do, she's been seen about much more in the town's night life. Her most frequent escort is Jimmy Stewart, and their favorite companions are Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy's roommate, Henry Fonda.

■ ■ ■

Now the rumor is about that Jean Harlow will become Mrs. William Powell some time this fall. At any rate, the Harlow mansion has been sold, and a girl has to live somewhere, doesn't she? And Mr. P's home is no shack—almost anyone could be comfortable there. Among other things, it has the fanciest phone number in town. If any of you gals have the urge to cut in on Jean just dial MY-MY-MY, and the guy who answers is Bill Powell.

The private and personal Cupid who hangs around Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall wears a worried look these days, for there seems to be trouble brewing in that vicinity. Marshall, who once was quite happy about being photographed with Miss Swanson, now shoos cameramen away on the infrequent occasions when he and Gloria are together. And that's usually a tip-off to a busted romance.

■ ■ ■

Although rumor has it that she can afford a chauffeur, Shirley Temple has a brand new car which she drives herself. It's a diminutive sports roadster, presented to her by Bill Robinson, one of her favorite men. It works just like a full-sized model, except that its speed limit is eight miles an hour, and Shirley



Shirley Temple entertains Ginette Marboeuf-Hoyet, the little French girl who won a contest for looking most like little Miss T.



What, no escorts for these cinema beauties? Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert and Virginia Bruce watch the ice skating exhibition.



Hollywood movie billing this month

By Leo Townsend

wheels it all over the Fox studio. When she goes riding the cops blow their whistles and all traffic stops while the queen of the lot whizzes—if you can call eight miles an hour whizzing—by.

■ ■ ■

Incidentally, there's a new ruling at her studio that Shirley is not to be photographed in a room unless the room has overstuffed furniture. Seems Shirley is becoming a very big girl, and, with ordinary furniture, her bosses fear she may look too much like an ingenue. They say she's on a diet, too, hoping to get back that figure. After all, a woman of seven has to be pretty careful.

■ ■ ■

Quite a commotion when M-G-M loaned Clark Gable to Warners to play a prizefighter in "Cain and Mabel" opposite Marion Davies. First of all, the Warner Brothers wanted the Gable moustache shaved. M-G-M said Gable with a moustache or no Gable at all. Warners and the barbers finally won out, and Clark went to work. To get in trim for his role, he had to go through a two-hour daily workout, for which a ring and everything was set up on the lot. Being new at Warners, Mr. G.'s workouts came under the head of Special Added Attraction to countless stenographers in near-by offices, who spent so much time admiring the Gable contours that the brothers Warner strung up a large canvas around the ring. And the gals went sadly back to their typewriters.

■ ■ ■

Errol Flynn's prize fan letter is a recent ten-page missive in almost indecipherable longhand. After wading through the ten pages, Errol arrived at the postscript, which said, "Please excuse the poor handwriting. I'm suffering with smallpox."

■ ■ ■

Always a patron of the lively arts, Marlene Dietrich has lately divided her extra-curricular moments between director Fritz Lang and scenarist Willis Goldbeck. It must have been something of a problem one night shortly after her return from a location trip for "The Garden of Allah." The night we saw her she came into the Brown Derby, looking slightly more than beautiful in a red fox cape, with Herr Lang. Between cocktails and the first course, she left his table to commune a while with Goldbeck, who was seated across the room. Try that on your local eaterie sometime.



The newly wedded George McDonalds are chaperoning Mr. Robert Taylor, bachelor. Mrs. McDonald is Jean Parker, need we add?



It's hard to say whether Gary Cooper is doing a "handy" or whether he's dodging Scotty. Mrs. Cooper looks veddy aloof indeed.

Photos by Scotty

MORE GOOD NEWS

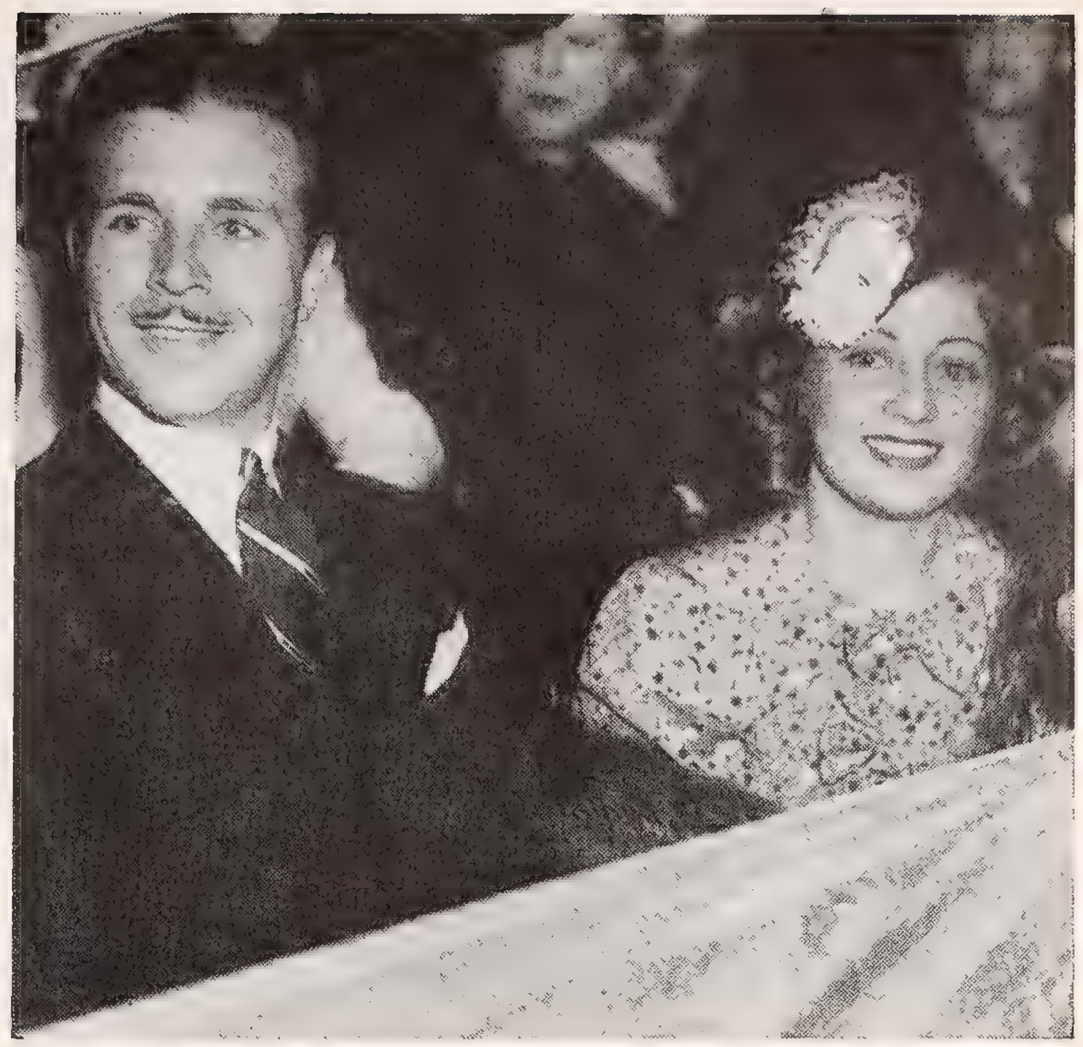


(Above) Garbo's back! Has she gone "brownette," too? (Left) This romance, born in Europe, looks serious. Cary Grant and Mary Brian at a recent Hollywood to-do.

The latest doings of filmdom's favorites



Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are still stepping out together. Here they're seen arriving at the premiere of "The Princess Comes Across." How do you like Mr. G.'s sporty garb?



That's Dick Powell hiding behind the newly acquired spinach. He and the still-current Joan Blondell seem delighted with Sonja Henie's skating prowess. Miss B. looks ravishing these days.

At the Carthay Circle Theatre, where "The Great Ziegfeld" recently held forth, a radio, during intermission, broadcast the acclaim of the paying customers. It was one of those "candid microphone" affairs, with the announcer buttonholing patrons in the lobby to get their opinion of the picture. Following a chorus of "terrific," "colossal" and "superb" statements one evening, the announcer made the mistake of collaring Groucho Marx. "How do you like the picture?" he asked. "Greatest intermission I ever enjoyed," said Groucho.

■ ■ ■

It isn't so hard for a girl to explain a black-and-blue jaw when her husband is in town, but when he happens to be off at a medical convention things are a little complicated. Anyway, here's how Claudette Colbert explained hers: She visited a dentist who, by error, injected novocaine in a muscle instead of a nerve. Even if it weren't true, it's much better than the old bumped-into-a-door alibi.

■ ■ ■

The Bing Crosbys have just moved into their brand new chateau on Toluca Lake, and they find it mighty pleasant. It's only twenty rooms—but it's home. The fanciest of all the twenty rooms is the one in which the Crosby twins reside. Everything in it comes in pairs—twin beds, twin desks, and, of all things, twin baths.

■ ■ ■

Betty Furness still wears the weirdest hats in Hollywood. One night she turned up at the Trocadero with a little number decorated with carrots and a few other garden vegetables. After other diners recovered from the shock, Betty waved at Ginger Rogers and asked her over to her table. Ginger shrieked back, "I'll bring a steak and be right over."

■ ■ ■

While we're in the startling chapeaux department, it might be well to record the fact that Clark Gable arrived at the preview of "The Princess Comes Across" with Carole Lombard and a beret. He took a terrific razzing from a gang of youngsters on the sidewalk and went in to view the picture, which contains a funny sequence about a he-man type of guy wearing a beret. On the way out the beret was stuffed in the Gable pocket.

Agricultural Note: Perhaps you didn't know that Francis Lederer is a gentleman farmer. He owns a ranch (they call farms ranches out here) which produces more vegetables than you can find on Betty Furness' hat. A few weeks ago, out of the goodness of his heart, Francis sent to every member of the local press a sack containing two heads of cabbage, together with a note promising us we'd hear from the apricots and the prunes as soon as they are large enough to leave home. Anybody want two heads of unused, but slightly wilted, cabbage?

■ ■ ■

Looks like Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda are planning another try at marriage. The last one didn't work out so well, mostly because Margaret was a star and Henry wasn't, but this time they can march to the altar with equal billing. In the meantime, the former Mrs. F. continues to be one of the most bizarre young ladies in these parts. Last time we saw her, at a skating exhibition, she arrived with an unidentified young man, and they both had an arm in a sling. La Sullavan, of course, was recovering from a broken arm, but why the guy was done up in similar style no one seemed to know, unless he was just being awfully, awfully gallant.

■ ■ ■

Dick Powell's throat infection cleared up sufficiently to allow him to go to work in "Stage Struck," much to the joy of the assembled Warner Brothers and a multitude of Dick's admirers. The studio is still worried about the future of the Powell vocal chords—worried enough to sign Rudy Vallee to a long-term contract. After all, two crooners are better than none at all—or don't you think so?

■ ■ ■

The Pat O'Briens hauled out the plush carpet and the best silver recently to celebrate the birthday of their daughter, Mavourneen. Mavourneen, one of the fanciest blondes in this section, has just turned two, but all her friends tell her she doesn't look a day over one and a half. All the neighbors' kids joined in on the party, which was almost spoiled when Frank McHugh's offspring toppled into the pool. Eloise O'Brien jumped in, pulled out the sinking McHugh heir, dried him off and made him promise to lay off the Grade A for awhile, at least. *(Continued on page 97)*

REVIEWS . . . A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

★★★ Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)

Here is the latest of the color pictures and, in our opinion, the best. In the first place, the story is a fantasy, and color serves to heighten the illusion. Added to that is the fact that Robert Edmond Jones, probably realizing his errors in "Becky Sharp," manages to keep his color schemes subdued until the final scene, when he splashed it on for gorgeous effect. Briefly, "Dancing Pirate" is the story of a young dancing master who is shanghaied aboard a pirate ship. He escapes off the coast of old California and enters a village to find the natives armed to the teeth to protect their community from what they regard as a public enemy. On the gallows he gains a temporary reprieve by proving his dancing ability, much to the pleasure of the mayor's daughter and the rest of the young ladies of the town. The whole thing is travesty, heightened by the presence of Frank Morgan in his best comedy role, Steffi Duna and Charles Collins. In the title role, young Mr. Collins and his dancing add much to the general entertainment, but the picture and the majority of the high spots belong to Frank Morgan.

Preview Postscript

"Dancing Pirate" makes its debut as the first dancing, musical comedy romance in the new full-color technicolor. This is kind of a big brother to "La Cucaracha," that two-reel picture of two years ago, for it is produced by the same studio, directed by Lloyd Corrigan again, designed in color by Robert Edmond Jones and features Steffi Duna. The largest set used for this film was that of the old California Spanish village on the Pacific shores. This palatial place occupied more than an acre of ground on the studio lot and included thirty-two buildings, each structure authenticated by months of research. Coloring for the picture's settings were toned down as much as possible, with blue, green and dull browns predominating . . . Gabriel Cansino is the one who swirls that cape around with such success in one dance number. Cansino was formerly a command dancer and entertainer for the ex-King and Queen of Spain and was as famous in Spain as the favorite bullfighters . . . Charles Collins is the husband of Dorothy Stone. He is well known on the Broadway and London stages . . . Although the new color medium presents a host of new problems to producers, directors and actors, it is a boon to make-up departments. Make-up is practically a missing ingredient on the set when a color film is in the making. Grease paint, lip rouge and eye-shadow are out entirely. A light dusting of face powder is used just to kill highlights on bad features.



You won't be disappointed if you let Modern Screen be your picture guide

By Leo Townsend

See Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard on page 62



(Above) A love scene from "Private Number," co-starring Loretta Young and Robert Taylor. (Left) Dancing Charles Collins and vivacious Steffi Duna in the latest full-color musical romance, "Dancing Pirate."

★★★ Anthony Adverse (Warners)

Hervey Allen's prodigious tome, which has given thousands of citizens round shoulders merely from holding it, emerges on the screen a competent, well-made and not too exciting drama. It is the story of Anthony's life up to the time he leaves France for America. It is excellent as far as settings and general production are concerned, but it lacks fire and the lusty characterization which should have been given the role of Anthony. In the book, according to some of

our more literate friends, Anthony Adverse was a vigorous gentleman who lived life to the full, but on the screen, due partly to censorship and partly to Fredric March's routine portrayal, he is a rather dull guy. However, the picture is well worth seeing, and will satisfy almost any audience. Of the supporting players, Gale Sondergaard, Edmund Gwenn and Claude Rains stand out in a cast which includes Olivia de Havilland, Donald Woods, Anita Louise, Steffi Duna, Ralph Morgan and Louis Hayward.

Preview Postscript

The settings used for this picture are more diversified than those used in several ordinary films. There are 131 in all, ranging in period from 1775 to 1801, which gave the studio technicians something to think about. As evidence of that million dollars which the Brothers Warner are reputed to have sunk in this film venture the elaborate sets are still to be seen on the studio lot, too elaborate to be relegated to the studio junk men. Among them are an Italian town



complete with cathedrals, waterfront, streets, warehouses, villas, etc., a French chateau, a Tyrolean chalet, several plantation sets, and a three-block-long set depicting Africa's gold coast. The exteriors presenting the largest problems were snow-covered Alpine roads, dense African jungles, and scenes of the Italian countryside, which were difficult to duplicate around the Hollywood countryside . . . The costume department, however, claimed the right to the biggest headaches on the lot. The story is laid in an epoch during which the world was seething with changes, which influenced fashions to a marked degree. The French Revolution, for instance, which banished differences in rank, banished many distinctions in dress. All costumes worn for the earlier sequences were practically useless for the later ones, due to drastic changes not only in style, cut, material and trimming, but to all the lesser details of not only women's but men's clothing—such as night caps, cloaks, boots, stockings, buckles, jewels, linen, swords, fob ribbons, snuff boxes, etc. Costuming was further involved on account of the many walks of life represented in the film —peasants, seamen, laborers, churchmen, doctors, merchants, servants, noblemen and princes. 1600 players in all were employed to take part in the picture . . . "Props" are generally regarded in the light of smaller problems for any set, generally running to ash trays, flowers, etc., but not on this picture. The researchers spent months on the prop problem. All the coaches had to be built, and the periods required no less than eight types of coaches, including Post Chaises, Berlins, Cabriolets and a luxurious one of Don Luis', with a V-shaped body, perch springs, hand-painted panels and upholstered in rose velvet with the ceilings and walls of quilted peach satin. Many of the props were copied from old wood-cuts, such as the fiber baskets of the peasants, yokes for the slaves, wheelbarrows, hand carved furnishings, etc.

★★★ Private Number (20th Century-Fox)

For pure, unadulterated romance you'll look far before finding anything to beat the new team of Loretta Young and Robert Taylor.



(Above) Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland in the stirring drama, "Anthony Adverse." (Left) There's unusual screenfare in "Fury," with Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney in the leads.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, anyhow, who wouldn't revive at the sight of Loretta, while Robert is capable of making any woman's ticket worth at least twice the price. The story is redolent with gallantry and undying love, made plausible and sympathetic by the attractive stars. Loretta is hired as personal maid to Robert Taylor's mother, Marjorie Gateson. Though mama is fond of Loretta as her maid, it is doubtful if she would be so affectionate towards her as a daughter-in-law, so the situation is solved simply by a secret wedding. But there are a couple of things the lovers fail to take into consideration —namely the old blackguard of a butler, Basil Rathbone, who has evil designs on the fair young maid; Monroe Owsley, who once felt the same way; and the Facts of Life. So when scandal rears its ugly head, Loretta runs away rather than have Robert suffer on her account. He suffers, she suffers, they all suffer before Robert, his wife and child are finally united. In the excellent supporting cast are Patsy Kelly and Joe Lewis, who provide good comedy; Jane Darwell as the indomitable family cook, John Miljan, and Prince, a beautiful and intelligent Great Dane.

Preview Postscript

Lake Arrowhead, in the San Bernadino mountains some sixty miles from Hollywood, was the location site originally planned for the resort scenes on this film. But due to Loretta Young's recent illness it was decided the waters of the lake would be too chilly for her swim, hence the "lake" is little more than a glorified ditch on the studio lot. The gardens were photographed at the Graves estate in Pasadena—an estate belonging to old Californians, which is frequently rented out to the movies. Loretta had ten-dollar bets up with Director Roy Del Ruth and Cameraman Peverell Marley that she could swim under water for a quarter of a mile. Losing after some ten feet, she promised to be a good sport and come across with the ten bucks apiece. The next morning Director Del Roy was presented with a canvas bag containing 1000 pennies, while Marley received a long legal document, signed by twenty witnesses, which he had to sign in receipt of ten brand-new one-dollar bills beautifully framed fanwise under glass.

★★★ Fury (M-G-M)

Mob psychology and mob violence is looked into with considerable effect in this powerful drama directed by Fritz Lang, who is responsible for "M" and other notable European successes. The story, briefly, is this: Spencer Tracy, driving West to marry his financée, Sylvia Sidney, is picked up by a small-town sheriff and landed in jail because of his resemblance to a suspect in a *(Continued on page 92)*



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Joan Crawford

Joan has gone into romantic costume for her next picture, "The Gorgeous Hussy." Word comes from the set that this return to work, for the first time since her marriage, has keyed Joan's enthusiasm to a high pitch and that she plans to be a knockout.


Charles Boyer
Jean Harlow
You would have to search hard to find two more intriguing screen personalities than Boyer and Harlow. Charles is lending all his French charm and rare talent to "The Garden of Allah," a film that should be perfect for him. As for Jean, she and Franchot Tone are a new screen twosome in "Suzy." Isn't this a grand picture of her? The brownette locks look a shade lighter and much more becoming.





Clark Gable

Marion Davies is the latest lucky winner of Mr. G. for a picture, namely, "Cain and Mabel."



June Lang

Here's a talented and lovely young actress who's on her way. She's in "Road to Glory" next.



New tenors and glamor boys don't make a dent on the Dix fans! And to prove it, there's loud acclaim for Richard in his G-Man "Special Investigator."

Richard Dix

Gail Patrick

Gail wasn't one of those sudden screen sensations. Instead she quietly has made herself an important player by dint of good work. She's in "Early to Bed."



Bette with her husband, Harmon Nelson.

Bette Davis tells why she has contempt for the modern viewpoint that two divorced people should pretend compatibility

By Ruth Rankin

FRIENDLY DIVORCES ARE THE BUNK

A DIVORCE is a public admission of defeat," said the girl in green, twisting a Daiquiri cocktail, "so why put on an act about it?"

We, who are about to interview, have come to anticipate a round with Bette Davis as a rare delight. She is regarded, fearfully, by her sister actresses as the family problem-child who is apt to break out any minute with the most shockingly frank revelations about their sacred-cows. . . .

She treads where angels fear, looking like an angelic school-miss with a "Cause" and possibly a dainty pearl revolver in her stocking.

"What I mean is," Bette flashed her eyes at us like a landing-field beacon, "this business about 'we're still friends.' A divorce implies conclusively: two persons, married, can no longer bear each other's company. The two say, in effect, 'We are sick and tired and disgusted and *through*. We hate each other. Give us, we pray and beseech, a decree of divorce that we may be free to begin our adult lives again, to seek solace and contentment elsewhere.'

"That last part of it is in the lap of the gods. Maybe they are so washed up with the whole business they don't want to seek. But the primary motive is freedom from a bond no longer endurable. If it is at all endurable, then they have no business asking for the divorce.

"But look what happens now in this, our Hollywood. After they have made their public declaration, what occurs? This. They go to the Trocadero that night and in a dim corner you find them all wrapped up like a pretzel, avec photographers. A columnist, the next day, declares it is the dawn of a new understanding, the 'birth of a beautiful friendship'!

"Sure, I know. It's all supposed to be very new and modern—twentieth century sophistication. They are being civilized. And it is not indigenous to Hollywood, it goes on all over the country—the world. In a lesser way.

BUT YOU can't tell me that any woman who has ever loved a man, really loved him, or any man who has loved a woman, can be friends again after a divorce. No two persons who have had that can be friends, ever again, whether they were married or not. It isn't in the cards. There are too many visions of the past to haunt them, too many wounds that can be healed only by years and then leave scars.

"They can't be casual, and mean it, if they have honest human emotions. The whole thing is a forced, unnatural attitude and many a woman is dying a little inside while hundreds of morbidly curious eyes are trained on her to see how she is taking it.

"There is a wide-open spot for some woman with the courage and the confidence to be simply honest. Some one who refuses to compromise with this syrupy ridiculous sophistication. Divorce is a serious business which wrecks innumerable lives—look at the suicide and homicide statistics.

"Kidding about it is like tying a pink ribbon on a machine gun.

"You can't tell me people wouldn't respect the woman who said, 'I hate the guy. He made my life miserable. I don't want anything further to do with him, any more than I would with any other (*Continued on page 68*)



Bette Davis, who has the courage of her convictions, will be seen next in "Mountain Justice."

THOSE GOOD LUCK PALS



Hank, left, owed a lot to Jim, above. So, when he got the chance, he put Stewart on the track to Hollywood success. Both are among the town's most eligible swains.

By Virginia T. Lane





Left, James gabs with Jeanette MacDonald, whose brother he played in "Rose Marie." And above, rumor says that "The Moon's Our Home" reunion with his former wife, Margaret Sullavan, spells real romance again for Fonda.

Henry Fonda and James Stewart, buddies for years, are real horseshoes for each other when it comes to jobs

THEY'RE like a four leaf clover to each other. Their story is like nothing you've ever heard before. It runs the scale from a two-by-four flat surrounded by New York's ace gunmen to a California estate surrounded by luxury . . . from milk toast (slightly scorched) to their colored cook's famous dinners . . . from walk-on parts to stardom. We mean, of course, the story of Henry Fonda and James Stewart.

Twice Jimmy has stepped into Hank's shoes, and twice they've carried him to success. The first time was in the Falmouth, Massachusetts, stock company. The second time was when he replaced Hank in the part opposite Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love," and Hollywood and half America became Stewart-conscious overnight.

"And was he good in it! He transcended acting and pictures and everything in that play!" That was Henry Fonda speaking. But don't get the idea this is one of those back-patting pal stories. It goes so much deeper than that you begin to wonder if you actually appreciated before the fine essence that can go into a man's friendship.

They met backstage when Jimmy was doing his first one-line act on Broadway in "Good-bye Again." Said Hank, "I hear you're a better iceman than I am!"

"Yeah?" said Jimmy. They grinned. They might have been cut from the same pattern, those two. Long, lean, eminently likable. They went out arm in arm to get a bowl of chile.

THE TRUTH IS, if it hadn't been for that comedy role of the iceman in "It's a Wise Child," Jim Stewart never would have gone on the stage. You see, he had a diploma from Princeton that said he was an architect. He also had a letter from the bank which said he was broke. It was the gang from the Triangle Club that shunted him into the Falmouth stock company to replace a chap by the name of Fonda who had just left for New York. The company had been pretty fond of this Fonda and thought he was a swell actor to get the laughs he did as the iceman. But it wasn't long before some of the old Falmouth crowd down in New York began kidding the life out of Hank. "Don't think you're the only man who can melt ice behind a footlight! This Stewart's doing all right!"

So it was only natural that when Jim drifted onto Broadway he and Hank should hold an icemen's convention. It wound up with them (*Continued on page 75*)

SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED



Norma Shearer's the captain of her destiny, with ambition still driving her fearlessly on

By Rilla Page Palmborg

NORMA SHEARER'S first child *would be* a boy," said Hollywood, when the news was broadcast that the first born of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg was a son and heir. "Norma always gets what she wants."

That same statement was reiterated a few months ago when Norma's second child was a girl. And when the announcement was made that Norma had been chosen to play "Juliet," that coveted role in "Romeo and Juliet," Hollywood again nodded, "I told you so."

Looking back over Norma's career it does seem as though she always got about everything she set her heart on. But the successful Miss Shearer will tell you that she found many a twist and turn and steep grade up the Hollywood trail. There are those who have watched her transition from a plump, shy ingenue to a daring, glamorous sophisticate and then gracefully into roles of sweet virginity, who declare that only "the spirit of Shearer" could have carried one over the seemingly insurmountable obstacles and opposition that blocked her climb to the heights.

The spirit of Shearer asserted itself the first day she arrived in Hollywood, when with only four weeks guarantee of work and scarcely enough money to tide her over until pay day, Norma led her mother into what, at that time, was the smartest hostelry in the film capital, the Hollywood Hotel.

A few weeks later, when she found her small salary would not permit such luxurious quarters, that same spirit unhesitatingly led her to a tiny bungalow at the rear of a modest court where she and her mother lived for the next two years.

Said Norma, "I had to make good after I had been brought out here from New York. Failure would have meant disgrace. When I realized the hard struggle that stretched ahead of me I decided it was up to me to come down to earth."

"I had to make good," was Norma's challenge to life all along her fight to the top. Even now that she has reached the heights she does not feel secure.

"To me each picture that I make is a test," she said. I feel that I stand or fall upon my last efforts.

"As an actress gains a reputation there is so much more to live up to. No matter how successful you have been you fail unless you top your last effort; either that or people start whispering, 'She is slipping.' "

On the "Romeo and Juliet" sets the spirit of Shearer repeatedly asserted itself when Norma would insist on retaking a scene, even after director George Cukor had okayed it.

"I think I can do that better," she would say. The next "take" would prove that she was correct.

KNOWING WHAT she wants and not being afraid to go after it is one of the keynotes of the Shearer spirit. As she has often said, "The first five years of my career held nothing of importance to me except to become a star." To that end, she let nothing stand in the way.

Norma smiled when she told me how she fell in love with Irving Thalberg the first time she laid eyes on him. Frankly she confessed that she played a waiting game of two years to get the man she loved.

"Ever since the first day, when I went out to the studio to report to the Mr. Thalberg who had brought me to Hollywood, Irving has been wrapped up in my life every inch of the way," she said.

"The minute I met him his goose was cooked, although he didn't know it."

Norma chuckled, as she has a way of doing just as though she is laughing at herself, as she settled back on the divan. We were sitting in her bright, cheery ivory and green living-room in her Santa Monica home, that opens out on the broad expanse of the blue Pacific.

"It took me over two years before I was able to make Irving realize that I was on earth," she went on. "However, I bided my time. He was working hard. And besides he was engaged. So I kept hands off, but my eyes on. I worked in mysterious ways."

Do not imagine that during those years Norma



Norma admits she played a waiting game to finally win Irving Thalberg for a husband. The two, above, on a recent social evening.

was spending her evenings alone pining for Mr. Thalberg. No indeed. An attractive girl like Norma had plenty of beaux. Life had always been an adventure to her and she looked upon Hollywood as the greatest adventure of all. By this I do not mean to infer that Norma ever burned the candle at both ends. When working there never were or never have been late hours for her. And never (*Continued on page 90*)

He's Married Again

Edmund Lowe vowed he wouldn't, but something made him change his mind

By Julia Shawell



(Left) Eddie with Mrs. Lowe, the former Rita Kaufman, who possesses many of the late Lilyan Tashman's (above) inspiring qualities.



A YOUNG BACHELOR film player with a contract that runs longer than six months is a gift from Heaven to the Hollywood ingenues. A star with a Reno decree is like a mile-long trellis of honeysuckle to the hopeful unattached or semi-detached beebees. But a widower with a successful marriage of several years behind him that only the grim reaper could have terminated, the kind of widower who can say "no" to two of three major companies on the matter of long-term agreement and stellar billing, well, he's like a blue ribbon at the county fair, a cool wind in an August Bermuda, sunshine in an Eskimo's night life—he's tops!

And so when a grief-stricken Edmund Lowe, wearing his badge of mourning after Lilyan Tashman's funeral said, "I shall never marry again," I knew he meant what he said then. But I also knew that the variegated cinema beauties would in no time at all make a state highway out of the isolated ox-trail that led past his emotional seclusion. I wasn't wrong. Before the bitter first poignant grief of his unexpected bereavement had lifted its shadows from under the Lowe orbs, there were sweet little things who wanted to be sympathetic.

ALSO THERE were onlookers who said, "Well, Eddie's not twenty-one any more and those girls really are gorgeous and anyhow nobody's more than human." It's true, in due time Mr. Lowe was reported escorting the three-months-option blondes to film openings. He was spoken of as having said "hello" to the prettiest of them; and in Hollywood "hello" just begins the gossip. Then he was called to England to turn Americanly British for "Doomed Cargo" and those who had known him a long, long time remarked hopefully:

"Well, this will be it. She'll be tall and blonde with one of those Devonshire peaches-and-cream complexions and she'll wear French clothes in the English manner that will remind him of Lilyan and she'll not talk so much that he can't tell her M-G-M wants his name on the dotted line. And, of course, he'll come home a bridegroom."

Eddie Lowe went to London. He was dined and feted and photographed. He saw the beautiful English girls, and a few of our American protégées who are doing well for themselves before the English cameras. He had a good time, for a few weeks, and then one night he awoke before sunrise and he missed a certain girl. He kept on missing her so much that he cabled and ran up quite a transatlantic telephone bill and he couldn't wait to get back to her. The girl he missed happened to be Rita Kaufman whose perfect make-up never brightened one of your screen hours, (*Continued on page 79*)



Alas, She's The Type!

What seems to be Anita Louise's greatest asset is her biggest handicap

By Martha Kerr

SUPPOSE THAT you were five-foot-three with golden hair, violet eyes, peaches-and-cream complexion, slim figure and just nineteen, that wherever you went, people turned and stared, wondering if they had seen aright on beholding such loveliness. How would you like it?

"Oh," says you, "don't be sil! What's the catch?"

You're quite right. There *is* a catch. For, in order to complete the picture of Anita Louise, you'll have to be full of ambition—full to the point of overflowing. Wanting to act more than anything else, wanting real roles that required experience and skill and knowledge of interpretation. And, because of hair, eyes, complexion, et al, you couldn't get a chance to do anything really important, your beauty handicapping instead of helping you in your chosen work.

"Now isn't that just too bad?" queries the cynic. "Tch, tch! Life must surely be tough for that gal, hitched as she is to a long-term contract in a glamorous profession, with plenty of parties and beaux to escort her to them."

Well, life; that is, movie life, *isn't* all it's cracked up to be to this beauteous actress. In fact, on many an occasion, it gets her down. When she sees the picture plums being passed to the less talented because they're less beautiful, she does a silent nip-up, realizing that if she only had a chance, what she could do with such-and-such a characterization.

ANITA LOUISE is neither naïve nor sophisticated, which facts you must take into consideration when you hear her remark, "My looks have hindered my picture progress."

Truly, there wasn't an atom of conceit shining through that bland statement. It was said simply and honestly as one might say, "I should never wear yellow. My complexion just won't stand it."

"There was the time," remarked Anita ruefully, "when I played a small role in 'The Firebird.' It was definitely 'character' and, according to the critics, I handled it well. Now, I thought, I'll surely be taken seriously. No more girly-girly stuff for me. But it didn't take long for me to realize the extent of my optimism. No, indeed. I just sat and sat and sat, waiting for the studio to cast me in another role into which I could sink my teeth. None came. That is, none of that sort. Next time I played, I was just a bit sweeter—if possible—than ever. Oh, gosh!"

Anita as Maria in "Anthony Adverse."

Let it be (*Continued on page 72*)

Myrna likes surprises to keep things lively—and she's a bit of a surprise herself!



By Hilary Lynn

UNMASKING Myrna Loy



Above, a threesome from "To Mary With Love." Left to right, Ian Hunter, Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter.



At a Hollywood premiere with her favorite escort, Arthur Hornblow. She likes obscure night spots best.

The shrinking violet act is Myrna's little joke, for actually she's an adventurous soul with amazing foibles

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST charming wife is still unmarried.

A paradox? Yes, but so is this lady who recently was described, in one of our more sophisticated magazines as one "who cowers shyly behind her enormous success—like a mouse with an inferiority phobia"—in a Beverly Hills house, "where she collects sculpture and freckles."

Nothing could have been farther from the truth. Except, perhaps, the part about collecting. But what Myrna likes to collect more than anything else is sensations! Yes, she is by way of actually being a sensationalist! Why, Myrna, that's a bit of a shock!

"Nonsense," said Myrna. "I wouldn't be able to survive a routine existence. I'd be bored to extinction. That's why I spend hours planning ways to surprise myself. The more sensational the surprises, the better I like them. That's why I wake up every morning saying to myself, 'Today must be fun. Today must be different from yesterday. What surprise can I think up that will make it better?' And each surprise is like a novel seasoning that transforms an everyday wish into something special." For instance, Myrna insists on beginning each day with a different kind of soap for her shower, and won't allow her maid to tell her what kind it will be, because she wants it to be a surprise. However, her favorite scent is heliotrope, and that's almost impossible to obtain unless ordered from abroad. Next best, she likes pine or balsam. Says it reminds her of a certain day she spent last summer in the Bavarian Alps.

Surprise No. 2 comes with breakfast—and not having to worry about her girth, each day's breakfast menu contains something different, even though it only amounts to a new flavor of jam or jelly. And about this trifling surprise she also must be unaware until breakfast is served. But she likes kippered herrings so much that, whenever they appear on the table, she counts it as a very special conspiracy to make her day less humdrum.

And what she says about seasoning can be taken literally. She likes paprika on her vanilla ice cream!

NOW, JUST because Myrna isn't seen in the popular night spots of Hollywood doesn't mean that she isn't getting about. It simply means, as she'll willingly admit, that she doesn't like to do the regular things, live the conventional life of a conventional movie star.

If anyone wanted to be a real sleuth and shadow our Miss Loy of an evening, he'd more than likely find her with her fiance, Producer Arthur Hornblow, in some dim cafe in Los Angeles' Chinatown, near the railroad tracks, around colorful Main Street. Or down on Central Avenue, the Harlem of Los Angeles, in a barn-like second floor interior—formerly Club Araby, now The Apex—unknown except to a few of the more curious, adventure-seeking souls in Hollywood, frequented by few white people, it's the picturesque spot where the city's dark-skinned folk disport themselves in their own spontaneous manner, and not for the benefit of gawking spectators.

A whole evening at The Apex—including a Southern fried chicken dinner, torch singing and syncopation that goes to town in a manner not much inferior to Cab Calloway—sets a patron back no more than a medium-priced ticket for the theatre.

"Compared to The Apex, Harlem's much-vaunted Cotton Club bores me with its grandstand play to the customers. It's so much more fun to sit in that funny, badly lighted cafe on Central Avenue and watch those clusters of interesting, dark faces all about. And their wonderful unselfconscious abandon to a good time! How I envy it. Besides, whenever I'm there," Myrna smiled reminiscently, "the torch singer always (*Continued on page 70*)





Above, Frances Dee McCrea returned to the screen recently in "Half Angel," and Joel has just finished "Two in a Crowd."

Frances and Joel aren't smug about their marriage, but they've found a happy career-and-home combination

THESE TWO—they are something outside of this world, Frances and Joel.

The other day a man who shall be nameless, because one is convinced he is a fool in spite of his high position in picture circles, said: "It is a shame Frances Dee married and had two children. That sort of thing hasn't any glamor."

Late the same afternoon, I sat talking with this girl who is so supremely happy that her radiance is diffused throughout the house in which she lives and even reaches out gently to touch all who come within its range. Frances has a glamor so rare and authentic there is no standard for comparison with it in Hollywood. This uniquely standardized village of ready-made labels has no label it can apply to her. In the same category with young women, bent on making themselves appear to be something rare, exotic and expensive, it somehow is ridiculous to mention Frances Dee's name.

If you believe at all in civilization, she has a glamor that outranks them all. She has achieved the perfect marriage with the man for whom she must have been created, she has two sons, and she has unassailable security. Since this combination is the aim and yearned-for goal, admitted or unadmitted, of every girl in her right mind since time began, how can there be the slightest doubt that Frances Dee has the most enviable kind of glamor?

As if this were not enough, she is considerably this side of thirty, she has a delicate, warm natural beauty—and she is one of the finest portrayers of poignant emotional roles on the screen, the kind that tear your heart out but give it back to you in better shape than it ever was.

An inner radiance, to be very poetic about it—and Frances is unalterably allied with poetry—conveys something of itself to all who see her on the screen. I think no one who has ever come in contact with it could be entirely immune, however unimpressionable. And yet Frances is the most unassertive girl possible to imagine. A most completely feminine woman, in its best sense, she makes no attempts to prove it with tricks of speech, or clothes, or attitude. She doesn't even know it. She just is.

TO THOUGHTFUL observers, one of the most stimulating modern trends is this aroused interest in happy marriage as a theme for pictures and novels. Two most spectacularly successful pictures have been "The Thin Man" and "Wife versus Secretary." It seems as if the world, weary with its divorces and marital maladjustments, is turning to the thought of the really compatible marriage as the highest form of romance.

This paragraph is a build-up for the statement that

The Magic of McCREA

By Caroline Somers Hoyt

Joel and Frances are an infinitely more interesting pair than they were in the days of their early adolescent attraction. They are so beautiful together. I do not believe Jesse Lasky is unduly a sentimental man, but he was there when Joel arrived home, and we looked at each other through a perfectly frank mist at the greeting between Joel and Frances—simple and tender and touched with living magic.

We had a long talk before that time, Frances and I.

She told me she did not expect any more of her marriage when she made it, than any other girl expects. There was no electrical current touched off which fused them into one and made happiness inevitable.

In fact, at the very first, when they met while playing in a picture together, Frances didn't even like him! She thought Joel must be painfully (*Continued on page 64*)



Right, the McCreas spend every off-screen moment at their ranch which they actually farm. They have two small sons.

Tumbling TO THE TOP!

Joe E. Brown, having arrived, knows it's harder to stay there than to get there

By Franc Dillon





Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown and "chillun."

IF JOE E. BROWN'S mother hadn't decided to do her annual housecleaning early one spring about thirty years ago, we might have no Joe E. Brown pictures on the screen today. And isn't that a dismal idea? If you don't think so, ask the first child you see.

Did you ever attend a children's matinee when one of Joe's pictures was the attraction? If not, you have something to look forward to. You won't hear any dialogue because it will be lost in the din—the din of the shouting, stomping, screaming, laughing, joy-mad children. They yell encouragement when Joe gets into difficulties; they hiss the villain with the greatest enthusiasm and they whistle, scream and clap hands when he comes out on top.

You'll forget your financial problems, for your chief worry will be to get out of the theatre with two whole ear drums. If you are able to do that, you'll believe in Santa Claus and Joe Brown.

His popularity with juvenile audiences is one reason that for the past five years he has never been lower than fourteenth on the list of the most popular stars on the screen.

BUT TO GO BACK thirty years. Mrs. Brown, as we said, was cleaning house and everything was turned upside down. Furniture was piled in vacant corners and a huge leather couch was moved onto the side porch while the cleaning went on.

Little Joe was just nine years old. It was nearing time for the annual visit of the circus and his heart was set on mastering a trick he had seen a clown do the year before. Of course, when the couch was in the house neither Joe nor any one of his six sisters and brothers was allowed to put a foot on it, but outside was different. At least Mrs. Brown couldn't be everywhere at once and the couch made a perfect practice ground.

By standing at the high end of the couch and making full use of the springs, Joe, after a few days' practice, learned to do a flip-flap. Eager to display his skill before the kids at school, he attempted it one recess time on the cinder path outside his schoolroom. He chose that particular spot because the teacher he was "in love with" at the time was looking out the window.

He took a deep breath, leaped high in the air and came down head first in the cinders. The teacher dug ashes out of his hair and his circus ambitions went into a decline—only temporarily, however, for time mended his head and the circus was still coming to town.

THROUGH THE little Jones boy next door, Joe met a Mr. Ash, who was organizing an acrobatic troupe, which he hoped would be taken on by the circus. Because he was quite small for his age, agile and eager to try the stunts, Joe was hired as the smallest member of the company. A contract was drawn, which his entire family read with much interest and signed with great enthusiasm. Joe's salary, of $1.50 a week, was to be sent home to help support the family, and Joe's career was begun as a member of the "Five Marvelous Ashtons."

He soon learned that his experiments on the old leather couch hadn't exactly prepared him for the tricks he was called upon to do as a professional. To make matters worse, the troupe was signed up sooner than Mr. Ash had hoped and Joe had to make his first appearance without a rehearsal. It might have ended disastrously but it didn't, and Joe managed to stick it out, making up in courage and determination what he lacked in training; enduring the hardships, the beatings and the loneliness as a part of the game. It never occurred to him to give up, to return home and admit he had been a failure.

He was repaid a hundred times and all his troubles forgotten in the great thrill he experienced the day he returned home with the circus! The triumph of being a full-fledged circus performer in his own home town! He admits today with all his good fortune and success that life has never since offered him a thrill like that.

HE CONTINUED with the circus, arriving home each fall a little late for the opening of school and leaving in the spring before summer vacation began. But he managed, somehow, to finish grammar school. The circus led to vaudeville engagements and, finally, after nearly twenty years, he achieved the goal of every actor—he played on Broadway!

For several seasons he was featured in Broadway hits, and when he came to Hollywood with a show, he was immediately offered a picture contract. Before starting the picture, in which he was to be starred, he asked to play a small part in another film so that he could size up his job.

It was agreed and he played a small part in which he died in "Crooks Can't Win." He died so effectively that he was asked, a few days later, to die in another picture.

"I was so good in death scenes," Joe recounts, "that in each picture they killed me off a little earlier. I finally remonstrated. I didn't want to be typed as a corpse, after all!"

(*Continued on page 67*)

Standing, Joe, Jr., Donald and Mary Elizabeth. "Seated," Kathryn Frances.



Joe with June Travis in "Earthworm Tractors."





Decorations by Hamilton Greene

Some stars have nifty secret ambitions you'd never guess

Taking it BIG

AND NOW there's another epidemic of "Taking It Big" in Hollywood. Just when we thought our movie belles had quieted down and gone demure in a manner to delight a prim Sunday school heart! Just when we had made up our minds that showing off and temperament all belonged to the dear dead-and-gone era when Pola Negri, Clara Bow, and Gloria Swanson made things lively around the movie lots!

But, dear me, no, those days haven't passed! The town's all broken out in a brand new rash of taking it big. I don't suppose the current cases are any more serious than little Willie's spring dose of the measles or Susie's annual tilt with tonsilitis, which grandma used to cure with a good old-fashioned dose of sulphur and molasses. But what movie belle would take sulphur and molasses? You're right!

Our epidemic is here. The signs are unmistakable. Not one or two, but a whole raft of our best people have succumbed to the germ. Lemme see, now, there's Carole Lombard.

Carole has been bitten by that ol' davvil, the Social Bug. Yessum, our Carole, the gal what has wisecracked her way through more Hollywood brawls and soirees than you can count, has suddenly become society conscious.

I think it all started with, of all things, the Venice Fun House party. Up to that time, whenever she wanted to give a party, Lombard just gathered a few hundred souls around for laughs. Once she took the chairs out of her dining-room, threw a little hay down, and had the guests sitting on the floor drinking champagne out of tin cups. That was a howling success as a dinner party, but it was intimate and confined to her best friends. The Venice

Hollywoodites get funny complexes they'd hate to admit. Read what whimsies dominate (left to right) Carole Lombard, George Raft, Bob Montgomery, Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford.

By Jean Blake

Fun House party was open to the public, in a manner of speaking, or to all the movie big shots, the intellectuals, our scintillating stars, all of whom went sliding down chutes and spraining wrists and ankles with great gusto. They loved the party, or said they did, even though they paid X-ray technicians, doctors, and masseuses, for weeks afterward. This big affair captured reams of space in the newspapers and excited international comment. Stanley Walker even wrote about it in his book, "Mrs. Astor's Horse." Mebbe I'm wrong, but up until this time I don't think Carole had given much thought to social success.

Came the Mayfair Ball which Carole ran. Ho, hum! Footmen in white satin pants, all the gals told they had to wear white, (*Continued on page 84*)

From Gangster To Model Citizen



Chester and Mrs. Morris take Brooks and Cynthia for a whirl at the circus.



Mr. M.'s a T-Man in his new Columbia picture, "Counterfeit." He's glad to be a law-abiding film citizen again after so many "bad man" roles.

Chester Morris, movie tough guy, is Hollywood's mildest gent

TURNING OVER a new leaf isn't as easy as it sounds, but it can be done. Chester Morris says so and he should know what he is talking about, for he has accomplished the feat himself.

From a hard-boiled fellow, who has been looking up from under his eyebrows and ordering everybody about in a high-handed manner, he suddenly has turned into a hard-boiled fellow, who still looks up from under his eyebrows and orders everybody about. But there is a lot of difference between the fellow he was, and the fellow he is now.

In the beginning, Chester had a long row of pictures in which he played a crooked hero. However, crime doesn't pay—not even in the movies. So Chester has reformed. He is on the right side of the fence now, and whatever villainy he practices, is in the cause of justice. Instead of glorifying gangsters and their nefarious schemes, he is glorifying the nation's defenders of the law.

I had a long talk with Chester on the set of "Counterfeit" where he was portraying the life and trials of a T-Man. In case you don't know what a T-Man is, he sleuths for the Treasury to find counterfeiting plants and planters. Chester was quite happy about the story. He said he thinks it is even better than "Public Hero Number 1." It will be a world-beater if it is, for "Public Hero" gave him a new lease on life and a grand contract.

"I can't figure out why people think I am hard-boiled in my private life," Chester said, "but everybody does. I get the strangest letters from my fans and even from my relatives. I have never met Sue's cousins back (*Continued on page 77*)

By Mary Sharon



Isabel Jewell hopes the jinx that's dogged her so long is beaten at last

By Ben Maddox

With Fingers Crossed

Isabel has high hopes for her work in "Lost Horizon."

SOME GIRLS have such a tough time. For the life of you, you can't figure it out. They have what it takes to click. They try so darned hard, and their efforts are wholly sincere.

Breaks, long-deserved, finally come. And then, inexplicably, the follow-up is bad luck and setbacks that are soul-wrenching.

I think you must have a friend who is one of these persons. If so I know you'll be better able to understand the most extraordinary case in Hollywood.

Today they are loudly declaring that Isabel Jewell is finally coming into her own. That in "Lost Horizon," under Frank Capra's superb direction, her performance is a dramatic gem. As the lying, embittered cynic who is accidentally re-born into the radiant young woman she should have been all along, Isabel is unquestionably triumphant. But is this truly the turning-point? A few of us who are close to her certainly hope so.

In the flamboyant movie colony, where progress is garish and where you're either a hit or you aren't, she is a mystery. Not really Isabel herself, but her fate. The question you keep asking is *why?* Why has she had to fight so fiercely for everything?

So far, although critics and fans have unanimously pointed to her as one of the best actresses on the screen, she's been amazingly unfortunate—in her career, in love, even, recently, at home.

Isabel is actually the last girl who ought to be in the spot she has been in. She is bright as well as attractively blonde. She comes from fine family stock. Obviously she's talented. And if she hasn't found permanent success and happiness it isn't because she couldn't handle her opportunities.

That's the queerest slant on her struggles. She has fully capitalized on each chance and has been rewarded with an immediate pat on the back. For awhile she's apparently headed for the heights—in Hollywood, and so far as personal fulfillment as a woman goes. She's thought that, surely, having played a role so satisfactorily, there'll be plenty of work. That, having proved how deeply she loves, there'll be an end to loneliness.

BUT AGAIN and again she's bumped into the blank wall of nothingness.

There is no less impressive acting to cancel her good impression. There are no violent quarrels to spoil what has had all indications of developing into an ideal marriage. There's been just—a lull.

The same agonizing thing has repeated itself, pattern-like. The battle to obtain a job, the intense concentration to make her characterization matter, and then not a single call from the studios while the applause is still lingering in the public's mind. The meeting with the man, and when she's completely, (*Continued on page 86*)



It isn't the hand-embroidered French dresses, the expensive toys and all the other money-bought delights that make the Misses (reading from left to right) Virginia Weidler, Jane Withers, Cora Sue Collins, Shirley Temple and Sybil Jason the fine youngsters they are.

I'M DOING THIS FOR

Your child can easily compare with these starlets in glowing health and beauty

NOW WHAT, you may be asking, has inspired me to turn my critical eye toward the younger generation? I'll tell you in one seven-letter word: Letters. Pathetic letters from unhappy adolescents. Letters from anxious mothers who are at their wit's end over little Patsy's refusal to eat anything but banana splits and chocolate cake, over Josephine's complexion or Annabelle's figure, not to mention Mary Louise's inability to enter a room without tripping over the rug, stumbling against the Chippendale, and busting the best tea set to smithereens..

Mothers sometimes resent outsiders giving advice to or about their children. They think they know best. And some of them do. But, on the other hand, some of them don't. Often the tendency is not to bother and just say, "My child will outgrow her bad skin. And she's





Madeleine thinks Hollywood is a woman's Paradise. With George Brent in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames."

British Importation

By Ted Shane

MISS CARROLL," I began, after we were settled in the Spanish comfort of her Beverly Hills home, "you have just returned to this country and I have been delegated to take you apart, see what makes you tick, learn about the real Madeleine Carroll!"

She looked startled. "You're not going to do anything violent are you? If so, I shall have to call for help."

There was a laugh, and into the room walked an Englishman who didn't wear tweeds or smoke a pipe! "I couldn't help hearing what you said. I think I had better sit in and protect you from my wife. You see, she knows perfectly well what you mean—she's twigging you, pulling your leg—aren't you, darling?"

Madeleine looked very bland. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean. This gentleman sounded distinctly violent."

The Englishman took her hands in his and said, "You know you're being shy of publicity again, dear, and you know you never come to any good end thereby. You had better talk to him or he will go away and say you have a skin like a Chinese monster—and eat your young!"

Madeleine's face resumed its mock serious look. "Oh, is he an interviewer from the press? Why didn't he say so? Why did he have to sound like a medical student?

"Well," sighed Hollywood's latest import from London who has been alliteratively described as very blonde, very British, and very beautiful. "I suppose I must do a great tragedienne and 'tell all'." She flung her hands over her head in an exaggerated gesture. "But first I want you to meet my husband—Captain Philip Astley. As you can tell from the way he barged into this room his manners are atrocious."

The Captain grinned as we (*Continued on page 88*)

Lovely Madeleine Carroll hopes she's back to stay



YOU CAN put on a marvelous outdoor act this summer without having to crash through with a single swimming cup or even a horseshoe pitching record! All you have to do is to dress the part of an outdoor fan and then just relax in a convenient sunny spot while the more virile souls do the work. Of course, if you like good strenuous play, so much the better. With shop windows running over with the grandest suggestions for every sort of sport, anyone is going to feel like a shut-in, who doesn't go in for at least one action sports outfit this summer.

You can garden in a smock and overalls, play in shorts, ride a bicycle in culottes, scurry about in slacks and haunt the beaches in suits of exceeding brevity or decorative modesty. In fact, you can have the time of your life just letting yourself go a bit native. Don't be afraid to let old Sol take a good burning look at you!

Recently, the new West Side Tennis Club in Hollywood had a swank official opening—all the sports enthusiasts of the cinema crowd turned out and good looking clothes were in abundance. In the grandstand, Virginia Bruce looked especially smart in a pastel light wool dress topped by a plaid sports coat, fox trimmed. Her broad-brimmed straw hat had an amusing fluted ribbon trim around the outer edge of the brim. Her shoes were the classic brown and white combination with broad straps of the brown leather.

BETTY FURNESS, another good looking spectator, wore one of those giddy hats for which she's justly famous. Giddy but practical because it was one of those washable affairs that looks like a Puritan bonnet and is actually only a wide piece of material which snaps at the back of the head. The front can be turned back into a narrow brim and the back shows the hair. For washing it just becomes an oblong and wide piece of material. And so inexpensive that you

Wear clothes designed for playing out-of-doors







Left, Claire Trevor plays tennis in a red and white polka dotted play suit with trick box pleated shorts. June Lang's beach ensemble is a three-piece affair of tie silk. The skirt doubles as a cape. And above, Madge Evans sticks to the popular shirt and slacks duo for beach and general sports.

By Adelia Bird

Sunning or

Anita Louise relaxes in her garden, soda in hand, wearing pale blue sharkskin shorts with a flower print shirt as topper. The gay shirt gives her outfit a very feminine twist and is a nice idea.





No form of trousers for Maureen O'Sullivan! Her pet beach costume is a navy blue organdy. Note the cute hobo bandana beach bag.

Culottes are the newest action sports garb. Miss June Lang wears one in fine navy jersey with white scarf and sash dotted in navy blue embroidery.



can have any number to match different dresses. Nearly all the department stores have these and it's a simple trick to buy one and make the extras, using the original as a pattern. If you can't find one in your local store, write in and I will tell you where you can order one by mail.

The rest of Betty's costume, which I almost skipped in my enthusiasm for her hat, consisted of a very smart tailored white dress topped by a bright woolen coat. And her shoes were different, too, being white pumps with broad white bows for trimming—very much like the patent leather pumps we used to wear to dancing class!

Out on the courts, Lili Damita wore tailored white shorts and shirt with white socks and navy blue sneakers (these are much newer than the all-white sneaker). Heather Angel, who played with husband Ralph Forbes, arrived in a long white polo coat over her tennis shorts. A bright scarf was the only touch of color, even her hair was caught back by a narrow white ribbon. Shorts and shirts with socks and sneakers were definitely the feminine choice for active play.

I have snooped out

(*Continued on page 74*)

Swimming!



Suit by B.V.D.



Suit by Gantner and Ma



Suit by Catalina



Suit by Jan

Star swim suits you'll want

On this page you will find some of the smartest action swim suits of the season—they are cleverly designed to do the most for each individual figure. Every suit pictured here can be bought at shops and stores all over the country. Top row, left to right, Betty Furness in a checked suit with brief skirt over trunks. Next a novelty knit trunks and "bra" style. Lower row, Carol Hughes in a wool zephyr knit with contrasting trim. And far right, Rosalind Keith in a suit with laced, convertible neckline.

...AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!



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MISS LUCY SAUNDERS,
OF NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.

SHE LIKES:

Smart sports clothes...Palm Beach... the young crowd at the Virginia hunts ...badminton...the new dances, including the *son*...the strenuous New York season...Bailey's Beach...lunching on *Filet Mignon, Bouquetière,* at Pierre's ...Camels...dashing off to late parties... Lobster *Thermidor*...and always... Camels. "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better...bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*
MISS ROSE WINSLOW, *New York*

An experience: *dîner de luxe* at the Pierre. *Feuille Norvégienne,* perhaps. Then *Borsch Polonaise,* followed, if your Russian mood continues, by *Suprême* of Halibut *à la Russe.* Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans *au Gratin.* Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again...and an ice with *demi-tasse* and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor —their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.



Costlier Tobaccos

...Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —*Turkish and Domestic*— than any other popular brand

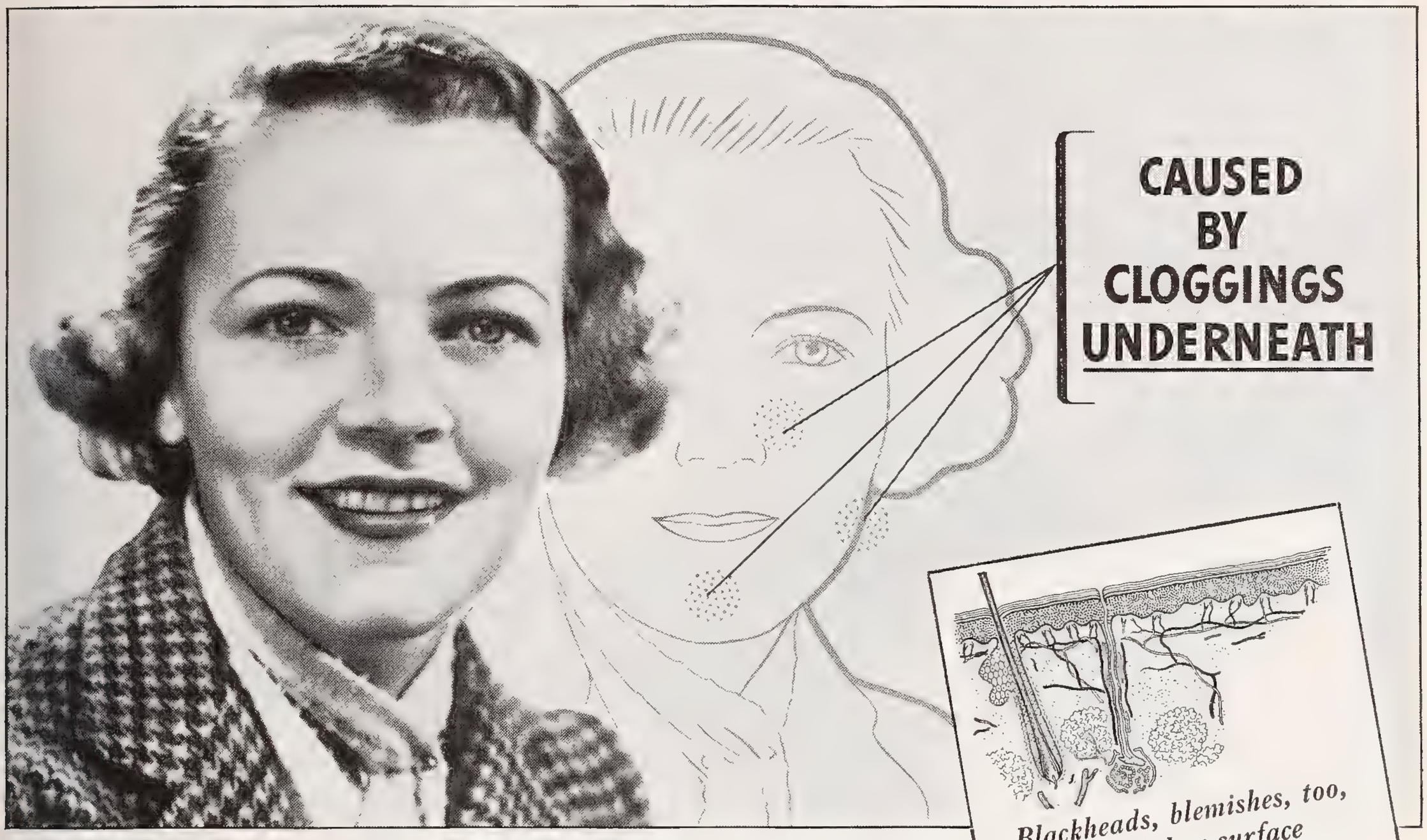
FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS



Fun in the '80's

Such enthusiastic demonstrations of affection might have been looked upon with a raised eyebrow in the days of "Poppy," but Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell are getting a huge kick out of it. These two talented youngsters support W. C. Fields in this story of an old rogue who tries to perpetrate a great hoax. Everyone is cheering Bill Fields' screen return.

Stretched Pores SPOIL THE PRETTIEST FACE



Miss Mary McHale, popular New York society girl, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin smooth and fine."

Blackheads, blemishes, too, start below surface

Cross-section showing tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels which make your outer skin what it is—good or bad. When oil glands function poorly, pores clog . . . blackheads, blemishes follow. Read below how to treat them.

See faults go— with UNDER SKIN Treatment

THE three commonest skin faults usually follow one another!

Once a girl allows blackheads to dot her skin, she's sure to be bothered with blemishes, too. And, blackheads and blemishes sooner or later mean—*stretched pores* . . . hardest of all to get rid of . . . hardest to bear!

It's easy to understand, once you know how they start.

All three come from clogging just under the pore opening—the result of a faulty underskin.

The little diagram above explains—When the underskin slows up, and glands get out of order, pores get clogged with their own oils. Dirt settles in . . . a blackhead! Unless you remove that blackhead, it develops into a blemish. Meantime, all that clogging keeps stretching and stretching your pores.

Rousing underskin treatment fights them off

You can avoid them all—keep them from spoiling your looks—by the steady use of Pond's rousing underskin treatment.



Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker II

of the prominent Philadelphia family, says: "I'll never have blackheads or blemishes—using Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my pores finer. I use it night and morning."

Just day and night—a thorough rousing and cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream . . . and soon your sluggish underskin is functioning freely again. Pores keep clear. Blackheads, blemishes stop coming. Pores actually reduce!

For Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go deep into the pores . . . clear them of dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Then you pat in more cream—briskly . . . Rouse that faulty underskin. Feel your skin tingle with new vigor!

Do this daily for quick results

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe off. Apply more cream. Pat in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. H-50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Abdul the Damned (Columbia)	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)	2★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists)	2½★
And So They Were Married (Columbia)	2★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
*Anthony Adverse (Warners)	3★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)	2½★
*The Big Noise (Warners)	1★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Bullets or Ballots (First National)	3★
*Bunker Bean (RKO)	1★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)	3★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chatterbox (RKO)	2★
Colleen (Warners)	3★
Collegiate (Paramount)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
*Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO)	3★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Desire (Paramount)	4★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia)	2½★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Get Personal (Universal)	1★
Dracula's Daughter (Universal)	3★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
*Early to Bed (Paramount)	1★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO)	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
*Fatal Lady (Paramount)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Florida Special (Paramount)	2½★
F-Man (Paramount)	1½★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
*Forgotten Faces (Paramount)	3★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
*Fury (M-G-M)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
Give Us This Night (Paramount)	1½★
The Golden Arrow (Warners)	2½★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)	4★
*The Green Pastures (Warners)	5★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
Here's to Romance (20th Century Fox)	2★
The House of a Thousand Candles (Republic)	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (First National)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners)	3★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
It's Love Again (GB)	3★
*Jailbreak (Warners)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
The King Steps Out (Columbia)	3★
Klondike Annie (Paramount)	1★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
*The Last Outlaw (RKO)	2★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)	1½★
*The Law in Her Hands (First National)	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic)	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let's Sing Again (RKO)	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)	4★
*Little Miss Nobody (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal)	2½★
*Love Begins at 20 (Warners)	1☆
Love on a Bet (RKO)	1½★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century Fox)	2½★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5☆
The Milky Way (Paramount)	4★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)	4★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½☆
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
*Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners)	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)	2★
Music Is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
*Nobody's Fool (Universal)	2★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Rainy Afternoon	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
*Palm Springs (Paramount)	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia)	2★
The Passing of the Third Floor Back (GB)	3★
Peg of Old Drury (Paramount)	3★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia)	1★
*The Princess Comes Across (Paramount)	2★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*Private Number (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Road Gang (First National)	2½★
Roaming Lady (Columbia)	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
Show Boat (Universal)	4★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silly Billies (RKO)	2★
The Singing Kid (Warners)	3★
Sky Parade (Paramount)	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M)	3★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Song of the Saddle (First National)	2★
Sons O'Guns (Warners)	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Investigator (RKO)	2★
Speed (M-G-M)	1½★
Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn)	2★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Things to Come (United Artists)	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount)	3★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Three on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M)	2½★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners)	1★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M)	2★
Two in Revolt (RKO)	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
The Witness Chair (RKO)	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that Modern Screen ratings only are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.



IT'S the snapshots you don't take that you regret. Snapshots help you to live happy times over again —keep certain days, certain feelings always fresh and clear in your memory. Make snapshots now, before the opportunity has slipped away forever. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

Lyle Talbot
PICKS MOST
APPEALING LIPS
IN INTERESTING TEST



HERE ARE THE LIPS LYLE TALBOT SAW



UNTOUCHED PAINTED TANGEE

Here's the reason Tangee lips won with Mr. Talbot



● "I may be old-fashioned," said Lyle Talbot, "but I like a girl's lips to have a fresh, dewy look. That's why I don't like paint." And millions of men must feel the same way. For more and more girls now have natural-looking lips . . . Tangee lips.

● Lyle Talbot makes the test between scenes of his newest Warner Brothers Picture "The Law in Her Hands".

Tangee is an amazing lipstick that gives your lips color *without* painting them. It contains a magic color principle that changes on your lips to a warm shade of blush rose. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. There are two sizes: $1.10 and 39c. Or for a quick trial send 10c and coupon for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
This Summer
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name _____
Please Print
Address _____
City _____ State _____

The Magic McCreas

(*Continued from page 45*)

spoiled, he was too good-looking not to be.

"I was most unhappy, giddy, going through that trying time when I didn't know what I wanted and knew I wouldn't like it if it was presented on a gold platter. All girls go through that, I guess, and it's pretty terrible. I looked at Joel and thought no man could be that good-looking and have any depth. Things were so easy for him, he was so popular with women. I thought he was just another of the good-time boys, and told myself, sternly, 'Be careful and don't have your heart broken.' It was so hard to believe that anyone as sweet and considerate as he seemed to be, could actually *be* that way all the time, even at home, as he is.

"We go through a severely skeptical age, too, with flashes of lightning clarity at the same time, you know. Probably it's one of the provisions of nature to make us examine everything presented during our most formative period, to help us avoid the wrong thing. Well, I couldn't find any foundation for my skepticism—and by that time I was too in love to care."

Frances sailed off on a sea of blissful reflection.

"You know I was almost militantly independent (now honestly, can you imagine that?) long enough to find out how empty it is. I guess that's why I now cling to my family so hard. Also, when one has a bit of the solitary nature, a family seems more of a miracle.

"Whatever faculty I have for happiness has been developed through Joel. You cannot think how Joel can bring out qualities you never suspected you had. I think he is the most appreciative human being I have ever known in my life. He is always so genuinely grateful for what he has.

"For instance, he loves to ride. When I first knew him, he went riding on a rented horse and had a marvelous time—he was delighted to be able to pay the hire. When he owned his very first horse, he went to an auction and bought one nobody else wanted. A year later, everybody wanted it. I actually think he gave pride to the horse, he enjoyed and appreciated the animal so much. He does the same thing with land—he makes the most of everything he has by enjoying it so deeply. Joel is not casual with anybody or anything which has his interest and allegiance.

"Most people can't get enough cars and horses, power, money and fame. If only they could learn to enjoy and make the most of what they have, the way Joel does. I suppose, in a way, he is sort of an 'applesaucer,' he likes to make everybody feel good." Frances smiled as if applesaucing agreed with her.

I ASKED about her picture work—how Joel felt about it.

"Joel never has asked me to give it up, unless I want to. He knows I wouldn't be completely happy without it. You see, I am not at all a social person who likes bridge and parties. Oh, I did, once, but they merely filled a gap in life. I guess I just outgrew them. Frankly, I go to things now mainly to be obliging." Frances looked around kind of scared, as if she hoped the wrong persons hadn't heard that. "But there's no use pretending. I am not a mingler. Oh, I have friends, love them, and want to see them often. But working in pictures is like being at a party all day long. It is a peculiar work in that it is so social and makes so many social demands. But, my goodness, you can't go to a party *all* the time, and that is exactly what it amounts to if you keep right on after returning from the studio. The need for that sort of recreation has been filed before I get home.

"Every woman has an overflow of emotion, something for which she needs an outlet, and she can't express all of it at home or she would wear out her family.

"I—well, I have a desire to act; there is something I want to and must express, something I have to release, somehow. And mercy, wouldn't it be awful if I put on performances for my husband all the time?

"Some women can express themselves in clothes, in club work, organizations of various kinds, in business and in entertaining, outside of their family life. If they keep it balanced, it seems to me a very good thing; it should make their families more serene, because it helps to overcome a tendency to be too possessive. I am inclined to be rather possessive—pity poor Joel if I didn't have an acting safety valve!

"Joel is right—he's always so right, without rubbing it in—not asking me to give it up." Frances smiled shyly. "He's really so much more than just a nice boy. But I don't imagine people think of him so much any more *just* as a nice boy, do you? He has such grown-up determination never to do anything petty that you simply can't stand being petty yourself.

"Oh I don't mean we haven't had our difficulties, our small jealousies, possessiveness—but never anything really important. Joel has a faculty, one which I think is quite rare in a man, the gift for bringing back illusions and making everything new again. He never refers to an unpleasantness, once it is over.

"If anything ever came between Joel and me, it would be my fault."

Young Joley entered into the picture at this point and carried on quite a conversation, although he neglected to let us in on what he was talking about. His mother will undoubtedly resent that; she stoutly maintains a perfect comprehension of every word he says, if you can call it a word. At any rate, we got around to the subject of glamor. Frances sat back looking like a very young boarding-school girl trying to look like Frances Dee trying to look glamorous.

I asked, "Joley, how do you feel about it? Do you think your mother has glamor?"

Joley surveyed her with due solemnity. Frances struck a pose. We waited. But we will never know what astute and sagacious wisdom his year-and-eight-months was about to provide, because just at that moment, Frances happened to reach her hand between the davenport cushions and brought out, to her complete astonishment—a pair of rubber baby pants!

Well, it ruined the act. The glamorous movie queen languishes in her parlor, waving her eyelashes and telling all to the avid press—and with a graceful gesture of her alabaster hand, she produces—baby pants.

Ah, Frances, you rare and utterly delightful woman. It's okay with thousands and thousands of us that you leave the phony glamor to the built-up glitter girls, and give us one genuine enchantment: the tenderness and the happiness that looks out of your eyes

Romantic Grace Moore

is practical, too



• *Casual playtime clothes get the same professional care Grace Moore's screen Luxables do.*

• *Glamorous screen costumes get safe Lux care at Columbia Studios. This one (right) was designed by Kalloch for Miss Moore to wear in "The King Steps Out."*

(*Below*) • *Golden-voiced Grace Moore relaxes in Luxables! "For cottons, linens, washable silks and rayons, Lux has no equal," says this Columbia star.*

She adores Luxables —*insists* on Lux care

GRACE MOORE loves luxury in clothes—that's the grand opera in her! Yet she won't run the slightest risk of having her lovely things spoiled with careless washing.

Linen suits, trim sports clothes, Luxable silks and rayons, frothy cottons, so ravishing for summer, are easy to keep superbly fresh her Lux way!

"Lovely colors and fragile fabrics come out of Lux gloriously new-looking, time after time," she declares.

Luxing is different from ordinary washing — protects you from cake-soap rubbing, soaps containing harmful alkali that may fade color, weaken threads. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

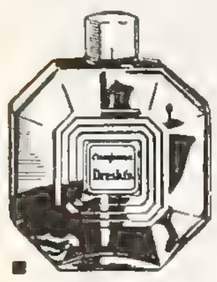
Specified in the big Hollywood studios . . . "We use Lux to restore the freshness of all kinds of things, from elaborate period costumes to slim-fitting modern clothes," says William Bridgehouse, wardrobe supervisor at Columbia. "The camera can't find the slightest imperfection!"

Hollywood says: **DON'T TRUST TO LUCK, TRUST TO**

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Jack Looks Out for Oakie

(*Continued from page 54*)

possible. That's why when they got to Balboa for an all-day stop, one of the musicians told Oakie that the boat wouldn't leave until midnight—which was a lie if ever there was one, 'cause everybody knew that the boat sailed at eight. Still Oakie accepted the advice in good faith, and when sailing time came he was still out doing the town. The musician heaved a sigh of relief.

But the Captain could not sail without all his passengers. So Balboa was combed and Oakie was found and the mastering of ceremonies continued, far, far on into the Pacific.

Still his undying exuberance is the thing that has made him famous. Not only to all the world, but he's about the best known person in the movie colony. Garbo and Dietrich may never have met, ditto Hepburn and Colman, but everybody knows Oakie. And while everybody pretends that Oakie gets under their skin, in their hair, and under their feet, nobody would really have it otherwise. Not long ago when there was some talk of Oakie buying a house in Toluca Lake—the popular star-colony out Burbank way—his pals ganged together, visited a sign painter and before long all the roads in that section bore the brilliant warning, "Keep Poison Oakie out of Toluca Lake." But it was just a gag, and nobody knew it better than Oakie.

He used to be Hollywood's Delightful Date until he met Venita Varden just about eight months ago, and he's been her delightful date ever since. Right from the beginning he told everyone that this girl was different. And on Sunday, March 22, they were married.

Venita, unlike most of Oakie's girls in the past—Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Toby Wing, all eleven of the "Murder at the Vanities" chorus, Mary Brian, and countless others—is best described as quiet, demure and domestic. She was born in Georgia, and educated at Sweet Briar College and also at Washington Seminary. She wanted to be a decorator, but became a model and a show girl instead. She's been around the world three times. In Paris she modeled for the famous Patou. In New York she was the original Russell Patterson Girl, and she was also in several of the "Follies." It was while she was working in one of them that she first saw Oakie. Harry Richman on the stage spotted him in the audience and in typical Richman fashion stopped the show to say "Hello." One glance at that homely, good-natured mug and Venita had a feeling she was falling. But she didn't meet him then. Not until she was brought to Hollywood eight months ago to be further glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld."

But even Venita, with Oakie practically in the palm of her hand, has found him difficult to cope with at times.

There was the time recently when he said to her, "Now, Pidgeon, I have a great treat in store for you. I'm going to introduce you to High Society, get you in with the right people, on account of how you and I really should surround ourselves with class. You're the type, and I'm going to do right by you. So fix yourself up pretty Saturday night, and I'll be seeing you at eight."

Venita took him at his word. She bought a new dress, a new hat, and the latest shade of nail polish, and dilly-dallied at her dressing table for three whole hours. "Gee, will you knock 'em dead," said Oakie on beholding her.

Venita expected to meet a title and Oakie didn't disappoint her. They went to a party at Man Mountain Dean's! Venita was the only girl there and the rest of the guests were all wrestlers!

But when Oakie told me about it, he wanted me also to understand that very often he does go out in Real Society—as often, he says, as he can stand it. "But there was that red and white party at Countess di Frasso's that wasn't half bad," he informed me. "They had a good gag there. They had microphones under all the chairs. Of course, they didn't make a record of anything I said, 'cause I was tipped off, but you should have heard some of the stuff that was picked up! Boy, was it hot!" (Funny thing, that Oakie was tipped off! Well, you put two and three together yourself!)

What Oakie says kiddingly is the truth, if you can judge by the clamoring, among stars and prop boys alike, that goes on when there's a chance to work in an Oakie picture. There was actually a lot of bribing and begging, especially among the crew workers recently when Oakie made "Florida Special." Why? Because working is always fun when Oakie's around. He strolls on the set in the morning, fingers an imaginary mustache and striking a John Barrymore pose says in a deep, rumbling voice, "Tell me, my friends, what is the play? And what is my part?"

Of course, Oakie is an awful scene stealer, but he's such a grand guy that his fellow stars don't seem to mind it very much. There was only one whom Oakie remembers who wouldn't let him get away with it, and that was Victor McLaglen.

"It was while we were making 'Murder at the Vanities," Oakie recalled. "At the end of one important scene we both had to go out the same door. Well, as anyone knows the last actor out of the scene usually gets the scene, because after he's left alone in front of the camera he can do most anything he likes on his exit—make faces, give 'em this, give 'em that—you know what I mean. Well, in the rehearsals, I always fenagled it so Vic had to go out of the door first, and for a while I didn't think he was noticing how I was pushing him a little. But then came the take, and that big brute gave me such a push that I went right through a brick wall, through the sound proofing and all, and landed right on the street.

"Not that I use any tricks that shouldn't be used—be sure to get me straight! At least not when I'm working with someone who doesn't try them on me. But an old-timer like Vic knows tricks, too, don't forget. He's a smart guy and okay."

And Oakie does look out for Oakie all right! Like the comic who gets in your hair, he believes it pays to advertise, too! On the door of his dressing-room, there is a large photograph of the large Oakie head—in color, mind you. And since Oakie's dressing-room is first on the left after you pass the studio entrance, nobody entering or leaving the lot has ever been able to avoid it. Nor have persons with itching fingers and handy pencils seldom been able to resist it! Once when I saw it not long ago the Oakie mug was adorned with Valentino sideburns. But that was soon replaced with a fresh reproduction of the original. Again the Oakie eyes peered out from under a row of Jean Parker bangs. But nothing dis-

courages him. The banged Oakie too was whisked away and replaced by the pure Oakie visage. More recently when I visited him in his dressing-room, he was busy erasing Harold Lloyd spectacles.

"Of course, it's worth the trouble," he told me in answer to my query. "'Cause you know what? Why the other night at a party I met Governor Lehman of New York. He'd been through the studio the day before and I asked him what sets he liked best. And you know what he said? He said, 'I don't remember any sets. There's only one thing I remember . . . can't seem to get it off my mind . . . the picture on your dressing-room door.' And what did I say? Well, I didn't want to sound too conceited, so I said, 'Funny thing, horror pictures always affect me like that, too.'"

"Gee," he said. "The blight in my life shows a tendency to self-portraits, too."

"Don't let it worry you honey," said Oakie. "All comics do! If Oakie doesn't look out for Oakie, then who else will?"

I thought I saw what he meant.

If the comic in your life didn't look out for himself—would you?

Tumbling to the Top

(*Continued from page 47*)

He then made "Hit of the Show," which was a big success, and his motion picture career was launched. His popularity has increased steadily and last year, for the third time, he was voted one of the ten biggest money-makers on the screen. That's not bad when you consider that some of your favorites are way down the line in box office appeal. Garbo, for instance, was forty-fourth last year.

But, according to the comedian, getting to the top is not nearly as difficult as staying there once you have arrived. A majority of ranking stars will agree with him that their worries on the way up were nothing compared to the responsibilities that come with fame.

It cannot be denied that there are many advantages. A star who can attract money to the box office can just about write his own ticket. In Joe's case, he has a salary that satisfies him and also everything he could think of written into his contract. Many things were put in for a laugh, but one paragraph stipulates that his manager may come into the studio to see him at any time. As it is well-known that his manager, Mike Levee, isn't on speaking terms with his employers, there was an obvious reason for that clause.

There are the advantages of a salary that permits you to live like a king; to own a string of race horses, if your tastes run that way; to sponsor athletics whenever they need a helping hand; to give liberally to charity; to do, in fact, almost anything you would like to do.

But where there is a large salary there are always taxes and regardless of the compensations of stardom there is always the worry for fear the new picture won't be a little better than the last one. "Just as good" pictures don't keep a star on top.

Joe E. Brown's recipe for keeping his place is to keep his fans laughing. "As long as I can keep on making them laugh, I'll be happy," he says. "People go to the theatre to escape problems and cares, not to weigh themselves down with new ones. They want to be amused and if I can do that, it's all I want."

Joe doesn't take himself too seriously. He doesn't think that life wouldn't go right on if he stopped making pictures tomorrow, although many of his admirers

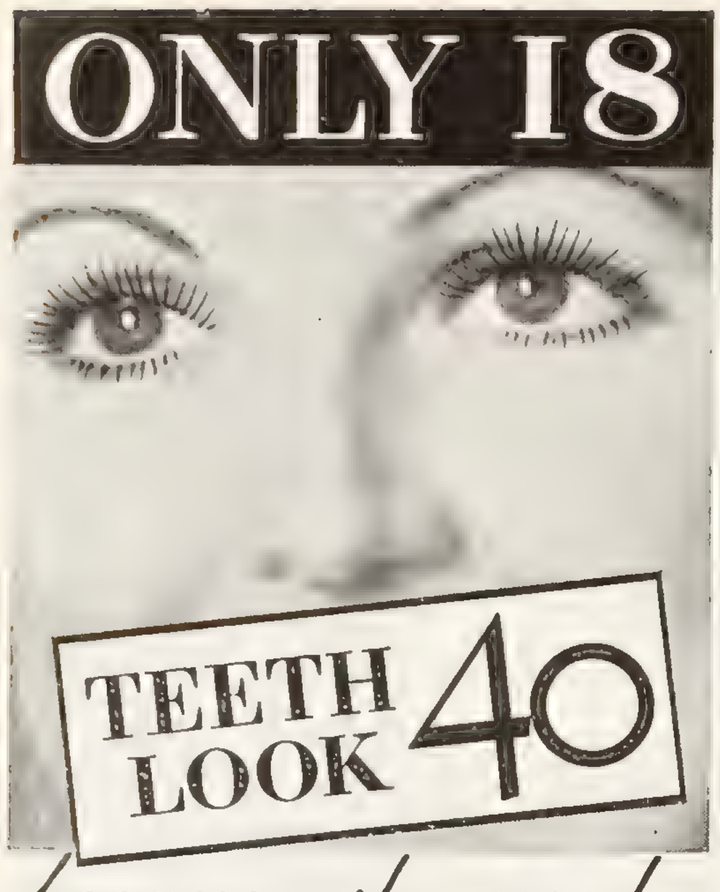


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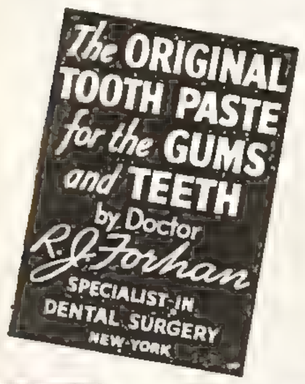


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disagree on that point. But he does believe that a comedian has a definite mission in life.

"It's serious business," he says, "working from nine to five trying to think of ways to amuse people."

Strictly speaking, Joe is a serious person. Occasionally he surprises the company, as he did one day when he made his appearance on the set walking on his hands. Again one day when he decided life was a little dull, he livened things up a bit by holding a lighted match under the canvas chair in which the director was sitting.

"Oh, we have lots of fun," he quips. "We took eighteen days to make a six-day bicycle race."

THE country bumpkin, which he usually plays in some form or other, was designed primarily to appeal to children, knowing, as Joe does, that if he makes Johnnie laugh, Johnnie's mother and father will laugh, too. He feels a great responsibility toward children.

"I've never had any dirt in one of my pictures," he says, "and I never will. A comedian who relies on dirt to get laughs isn't worthy of the name."

Apparently audiences agree with him, and especially mothers who, aware of his reputation for making clean pictures, send their children to the theatre without a worry when he is advertised as the attraction.

I happened on the set when he was making a song-and-dance number for "Sons O' Guns," and listened shamelessly when I overheard an argument.

"But, Joe, it would be funny," said Bobby Connolly, the dance director.

"Well, not funny enough," protested Joe.

Back and forth went the argument. Judging by the feeling displayed on both sides, I thought it could concern nothing less important than whether or not they should continue with the picture. Finally Joe gave in. "All right," he said, "but get me those mentholated ones." And I learned that the whole disagreement had been because Bobby wanted Joe to do a funny bit of business with a cigarette. He never smokes or drinks in a picture because he doesn't think it is a good example for young people.

It was with many misgivings that he decided to depart from his usual type of picture and make "Bright Lights" some months ago. In this picture he had a serious romance in addition to his usual comedy antics, and he was doubtful if his youthful admirers would accept him as a romantic figure. He knew that the greatest sin a star can commit is to become dull or old-fashioned; he knew he must keep his pictures up-to-date and he decided to take a chance.

He attended the preview of the picture fearfully. He sneaked into the theatre after the lights were out and sat in an obscure corner. When the time came for him to kiss his sweetheart (Ann Dvorak, remember?), he strongly considered crawling under the seat he was so sure he would hear some youngster yell, "Raspberries!"

Nothing like that happened. The children liked it; his other fans liked it and it was a hit on Broadway, where Joe E. Brown pictures had not been considered big money-makers. It marked another milestone in his career.

He's never the life of the party. In fact, he seldom attends parties, finding his greatest pleasure in his home and family.

"The only thing I have to sell is humor," he explains when asked to be funny at every public appearance. "I have to save it for my pictures."

But he never refuses to appear for a worthy charity, especially if that charity is for children.

"Aw, I try out my humor on them," he explains sheepishly. "If they laugh at my gags I know they'll do for a picture."

MOST of his public appearances are attending sports events, which he loves. He exercises constantly and instead of resting between pictures, plays baseball for recreation. He never has to diet, being slightly on the thin side, and his favorite drink is an ice-cream soda "with plenty of whipped cream."

From a window in his beautiful Beverly Hills home he can look over a huge lawn which contains flowers, tennis courts for the boys, slides and swings for the younger children.

"I get more kick out of all this than the kids do," he said thoughtfully, as the memory of his half-starved childhood flashed through his mind. "You can't fully appreciate having everything you want unless you've gone through long periods of not having anything you want."

In the house, where everything is designed for the comfort and happiness of every member of the family, he points with pride to a small soda fountain. He is its steadiest patron.

He reads everything—newspapers, fiction, biographies—but says his favorite book is the Bible. He is known as a man who always keeps his promises. Two years ago he took his wife to the Orient because he had promised her he would take her there on a honeymoon at the time of their marriage twenty years ago.

"A guy can't be a piker about his wedding trip forever," he quipped.

Friendly Divorces Are the Bunk

(*Continued from page 34*)

person who failed me. I refuse to go through with this ironic pretense for the sake of appearances. Whose appearances, for heaven's sake? I've put him out of my life, and I want him to stay put!' And the same applies for the men."

Bette pushed her hat off her forehead and warmed to her subject.

"Fine talk, fine theories!" we declared, fanning the flame. "But would you carry through, in a similiar spot?"

"Would I! Look—I never had a divorce and I never intend to get one, with any luck and the wind on our side. Barring an act of God or the public enemy, Ham is my husband for life. That was our intention when we married, and it remains so. But if anything happened to us—a long if—I would hate him doubly for having once been fond of him. He would have to let me down terribly, which I cannot imagine him doing, and it would disappont me so bitterly, I wouldn't even want to hear his name again, as long as I lived.

"A divorce is no disgrace nor is a broken heart. But putting up a lying front to honest emotions, is.

"Why all the smoke screen? What is there to cover up? Two people have appeared in an open court for all the world to see, hear, and know that they wish to be rid of a hateful tie. The reasons advanced are devious and mainly puerile, but easily penetrated. So the public knows, beyond any question of doubt, exactly what

they think of each other.

"So then, why the glad greeting when they meet? Whom are they impressing? The publicity is over—they couldn't escape it with the divorce, if they wanted to. I say *if*. They have taken a stand about each other—why not stick to it? What are they being brave about? The time to be brave was before the divorce—brave enough not to get it.

"Another thing. I do wish somebody would take a week off and define 'mental cruelty' for me. The other day I saw where a woman said it was mental cruelty because her husband called her 'a little squirt!' I thought to myself, 'Baby, you should hear some of the things *I've* been called. And for good and sufficient reason, too. Then that old jealousy line is one that never fails to get me down. The little woman lisps, 'Judge, he wouldn't even let me dance with other men.' The time for complaint, lady, is when he doesn't give a continental.

IN order to apply for a divorce, it seems only logical that you should have a real reason in the first place. In England, where they take these things a mite more seriously and give them some time and thought, you have to go into the English courts and tell all. It makes absolutely no difference whether you are Duchess, Lord, or bar-maid. You present reason and show proof, and go to it hammer and tongs, while a lot of profound gentlemen in long black robes and curled wigs sit in judgment—and tolerate no nonsense on the subject.

"Probably it makes the English deliberate a while before they get around to it, and so a lot of them never do divorce. The persons who want to be divorced badly enough to go through this ordeal seem to go right on living afterwards even though most of their private linen has been aired. There is a place where gallantry ceases to be gallant, and it strikes me that when a person whom you have taken in sacred matrimony is messing up your life sufficiently to make you wish to cancel your vows, gallantry is as superfluous as a third leg.

"It is definitely sadistic to expect a new wife or husband to accept the old one as a member of the family. At least it is decadent and contrary to the laws of Nature, and an awful strain on somebody, no matter how noble a front they may put up.

"Of course, in a small town like Hollywood, ex's are always running into each other. And no matter how horrible the divorce was, at the time, no doubt they have to adopt some protective measure or coloration or whatever. Nobody wants public scenes or a frantic scrambling of one out of the back door as the other enters the front. They can be civil, if necessary, but this new intimacy is nauseating!

"It is really terrible when there are children. I feel so strongly about divorce because my mother and father were divorced when I was ten; they hated each other then and they still do. If they had striven to keep up a pretty-pretty front for my sister and me, I couldn't have had the least respect for them. My reasoning would be: if you can do that much, then why did you have to go to the extreme length of breaking up our family and getting divorced at all?

"Out here in Hollywood a lot of angles enter, which do not apply to the rest of the world. Two persons with screen careers, married, wish to part. They feel, or are persuaded, that they must 'keep it clean' for the sake of the other person's career. But you find careers beginning to slip just as often after a 'clean' divorce, a frank divorce—or any divorce at all. Especially among those who have been married over five years. People grow to be dependent upon each other in ways they do not realize until they are separated." Bette paused, and we thought of a dozen illustrations to this point, but silently.

"You know, honestly, I used to have the weirdest ideas about marriage. I thought in order to be a good wife you were expected to be dull. That antagonized me, so I tried going to the other extreme. The first two years I was married, Ham was away in the East most of the time. So I dashed about merrily and threw the challenge in their teeth. I, a dull, stodgy, stay-at-home Frau? Never! I thought it was terribly smart to show up some place with four men, to give the gossips a good run for their money.

"Then Ham came out, and one day he remarked in that slow, sensible New England way of his, 'If you ever stop to realize marriage is marriage, you'll be a lot happier.'

"You see, I thought marriage was giving up your rights. Now I know it isn't. It's getting 'em!

"Of course, no woman on earth is so difficult to live with as an actress—or any independent woman. Men have developed almost an entirely new approach to cope with them. Personally, I think the old one is still the best: the one who assumes man is the head of the household and woman is a weak, helpless creature who is better off with her neck under the conquering foot. She is, too, a darn sight.

WE are brought up to be self-sufficient and independent—then we have to do an about-face and let a man run us. And believe me, any woman who doesn't is a fool. No woman with any brains at all allows her man to think he is other than complete master of his household.

"When I get uppity, Ham calls me 'Queen Bess.' That fixes that.

"The other night I overheard Ham and his sister, who is visiting us, in a discussion of marriage and divorce. Ham said, 'Marriage is completely up to a woman. She is never a success at it unless she has lots of give-inny.'

"And after you've put in eight years of give-inny with one man, will you please tell me how you can go into a public court-room admitting you were a failure, or he was a failure—then turn around and go to a theatre opening with him that same night?

"But you can never tell. Maybe I'll turn yellow and do the same thing, should I ever be faced with it." Bette thought it over. "But I don't think so."

She pushed down her hat, pulled on her coat, of some nondescript fur, and started home.

"What, no mink?" said I.

"Nope, no mink," said Bette. "My idea of a failure is a woman whose idea of success is a mink coat—even if she has to buy it for herself. My husband can't afford one."

It gave me added pleasure to state that the best young actress in Hollywood does not own a mink coat, but did win the Academy Award.

Which has nothing to do with the story except to give you a further idea of the one actress in Hollywood who does not play run-sheep-run. The only one who has the courage and confidence of her convictions to come right out and say what none of the pseudo-sophisticates have had the intestinal fortitude to say that she is bored with the absurd "We're Still Friends" pretenders, sees through them with disarming clarity and feels terribly sorry for them.

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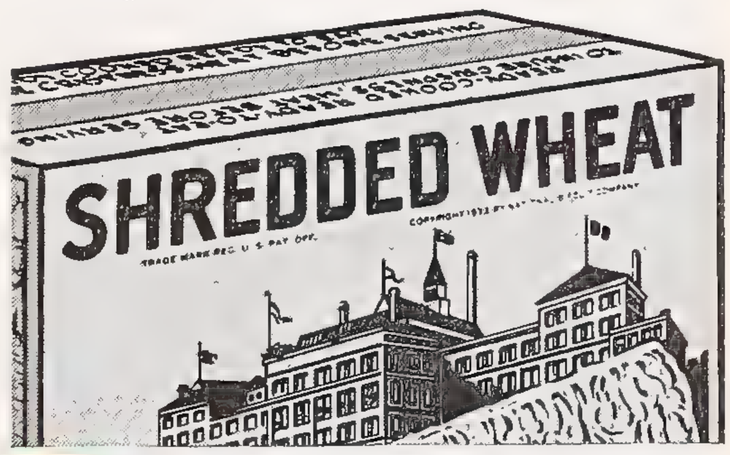


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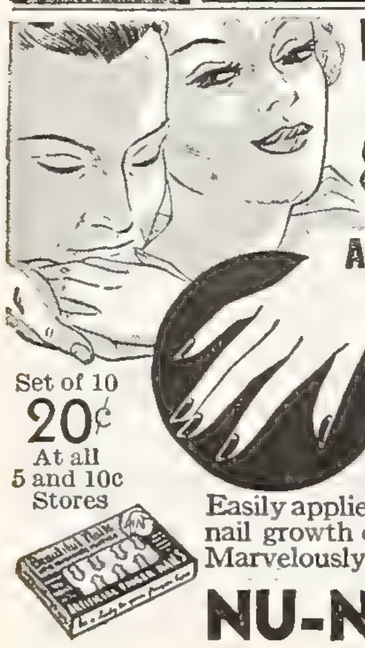


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Unmasking Myrna Loy

(*Continued from page 43*)

sings my favorite song, 'Paris in Spring.'"

Noticing the question in my eyes, she laughed.

"No," she answered, "Paris has no special sentimental meaning for me—and I've never been there in the spring. What I saw of Paris was mostly at night, in late summer. And most of it all in one night, when the late Prince Alexis Mdivani escorted me and some friends to every unusual and bizarre night spot in Montparnasse and Montmartre. They were all places I'd never heard of. He raced us about till dawn, which we watched from the hill of the Sacre Coeur—in that ill-fated, specially-built car that was later to carry him to his death.

Speaking of sensational surprises—I've never had as many as I had that one purple-patched night, except perhaps, at my first bullfight!" This from our little stay-at-home Loy!

IS it a surprise to you, gentle reader, that Myrna goes in for bullfights? So much so that anything which reminds her of them sends her into an ecstasy. The day I lunched with her in her very perky dressing-room (white and chartreuse and blue it is, with brief offsetting tones of magenta in the flowers and in the colored prints on the walls), she was having one of those mild ecstasies over a new bonnet. It was an audacious bit of cerise velvet, like a round bun, with an impetuous orchid velvet pompom on each side—a matador's hat.

"I like it most," she said, surveying herself in the full-length mirror, "because it reminds me of my first bullfight.

"It was in a little hill town near San Sebastian, Spain—and I was very squeamish. I'd read Hemingway and convinced myself that to be a smart cosmopolite, one had to see at least one bullfight. So, armed with ammonia tablets and aspirin, I trailed after the kind friends who were going to give me the thrill of a lifetime.

"They *did*. And that's what's convinced me that I must be something of a sensationalist—although all those stories I'd read about myself in fan magazines had nearly hypnotized me into believing that I must be a very subdued and shrinking violet. Just interested in my work and my porcelain, my pewter, my books and my music. A quiet home girl!" The brows over those green eyes, with their Oriental slant, lifted ever so slightly.

At that moment our lunch arrived. While she ate a healthy portion of chicken a la king, peas, rye bread toast and coffee, Myrna continued to extol the skin-prickling virtues of the greatest of all sports—a bullfight.

"The spectators must have thought me mentally unbalanced. At each gesture of the matador, each furl of the cloak a little closer to the bull, I let out a blood-curdling shriek and reached for my bottle of ammonia tablets."

"Were there any horses?" I asked tremulously, beginning to feel a little chartreuse around the gills.

"There were," she said, "pitiful, scrawny things. It was when the bull charged at them that I couldn't bear to look. But I discovered something I'd never known before. Critics of bullfights are unjust when they say that the use of horses is meaningless cruelty. The horses are necessary because only a man on horseback, a picador, can strike at the bull in his vital spot, the neck. It's these thrusts with the small pic (or spear) of the picador which weakens the neck of the bull."

"And if he misses?" I gulped a glass of water quickly.

The sensationalist across the table smiled brightly.

"I'll admit it's a gory subject to discuss at lunch but if you've ever seen a real bullfight, you'd understand when I say that it's the most dangerous and romantic of all sports. Even though I nearly passed out of the picture when the first bull charged.

"And those bullfighters!" Her eyes had a distant look. "They're far more glamorous than film stars. When they move it's like a dance. Truly marvelous! I missed my opportunity to meet the current hero, and now I'm sorry I did."

"So the lady has gone back on the romantic prizefighter!" I teased.

SHE laughed a very Loy-ish laugh. "If you're referring to that picture 'The Prizefighter and the Lady' in which I played with Max Baer, I shall have to disillusion you. That particular fascination, attributed to famous prizefighters, has never made me want to do foolish or reckless things. Perhaps, because during the filming of my picture with the great Maxie, he adopted me as a big sister. I was his confidante. He came to me with the tales of all his heartaches and heart throbs. I suppose being a big sister takes the romantic edge off things."

She mused. "Maxie's really an unsophisticated baby at heart. When he drops that armor of cocksureness and naïve boasting, he's as unprotected against life as a . . . as a . . . " she searched for the right word, ". . . as a white rabbit!"

"Max once told me that he hated to fight because he was so mortally afraid of dealing a knockout blow and killing a man. When he was a little boy, he said he used to run away when another boy tried to start a fight with him. They called him a coward, and he let it go at that rather than use his fists. Because he was afraid of his own strength. When he hit, he knew he'd hit so hard that he didn't dare face the consequences.

"And to think that he had to give up so easily in that fight with Joe Louis! I wanted to shut off the radio when the report started coming over the air. It made my heart ache for him. Yes, I suspect that Maxie does need a 'big sister' or mother to lean on when things begin to get tough!"

To those of you who have been picturing Myrna as cool, remote and not overburdened with sentimental feeling, this last remark of hers might come as something of a surprise. Myrna has a heart after all—and a good-sized one!

Speaking of surprises, one of Myrna's greatest was to discover that she had English fans. Rather violent, too, in their demonstration of affection. As it happened, her first taste of the Old World was in an unbelievable, centuries-old, miniature house, "Thyme Cottage," in Sussex—she was the guest of Sir Guy Bolton. Here she fondly believed she was living incognito, even though her first day brought forth an invitation to tea with an unknown Earl and his Lady who lived in the ancestral castle on the hill, an invitation delivered by the traditional footman in knee breeches. But surely no one among the hundred smocked villagers in

that strange little hamlet with its thatched roofs and its doorways, so low that you had to stoop almost double to enter the house, would recognize a screen star!

Then one fine summer morning a battalion of reporters and an army of fans descended like a swarm of hungry locusts on the idyllic peace of the Sussex Downs. They nearly tore down the tiny cottage to get at "Miss Loy."

"I always had thought that English people were very reserved; never showed any demonstration of emotion about anything," said Myrna. "Then to have them following me everywhere on those funny bicycles, hanging on to the sides of my car in the thickest traffic (they actually followed me back to London)! I was terrified every moment that they would be knocked off and killed! It seemed so strange—this adulation of theirs—because no one ever recognizes me in America."

Which is true. This girl with the sleek figure, the slant green eyes and her expression of aristocratic almost-disdain manages to get about unmolested by her ardent American fans and without benefit of dark glasses. Also, she manages her private life about as cleverly and discreetly as any ordinary citizen. Which is one reason why she's perpetually amused by the opinions people harbor about her.

The following story is a typical example. Not so long ago Myrna attended a Hollywood cocktail party, and was somewhat confused and disturbed to find two strange men hovering near her, wherever she moved in her host's drawing-room.

"I wondered whether I was being shadowed, and for what reason," she said, relating the incident. "I noticed that they observed me very closely, especially every time the cocktails were passed. Naturally, I grew more nervous every moment.

"Suddenly, one of the men addressed me in a tone of deep disappointment: 'What a frost you've turned out to be, Miss Loy! Why, everybody's been telling us that you were really like the "Thin Man's" wife! But the "Thin Man's" wife knew how to drink. We've been watching you all afternoon now, and you've had only two cocktails. Why you're just an amateur!'"

How that Myrna Loy goes around fooling people.

Picnics Are Fun!

(*Continued from page 13*)

Salad for you, if you would like to have it.)

"No picnic worthy of the name would be complete without hard-boiled eggs, either," continued petite Miss Parker. "But I've always thought plain hard-cooked eggs a bit dull, especially if you forget to bring the salt! And the usual halved and stuffed eggs are so hard to pack, don't you think?"

"Indeed I do," I replied. "I can remember, when I was a kid, wrapping countless dozens of stuffed eggs in waxed paper but I can't recall a single one ever getting to our destination in its original condition!"

"I think I have a grand solution for this," Jean assured me brightly and then went on to outline her idea while I copied down her suggestions with speed and pleasure. You'll find a careful and easy-to-follow description of her method as well as her filling for making Savory Stuffed Eggs in this month's recipe leaflet. And you can get one of these leaflets, of course, just by sending in for it. It's as free as the air you'll breathe on your very next excursion to the country.

There are two other recipes in the Jean Parker leaflet that you will also want to have. These give you directions for making Special Pound Cake and Pack-Well Cookies. No picnic is complete without at least one sweet, you know, and Jean thinks this particular cake and these chewy, butterscotch-flavored cooky-squares are ideal for such occasions.

"I heartily disapprove of fancy pastries or sticky, runny frostings for picnics, they just don't stand heat or packing," she declared emphatically. "But you really should have something with you to satisfy the old sweet-tooth that we all possess, especially on picnics! Fruits and crackers are a big help in that direction, but the picnic hostess who supplies a real home-made sweet is going to find that her catering reputation has risen to the skies!"

Well, gals, here's your chance to prove the truth of Jean Parker's statement by planning to have the same foods she suggests on your very next picnic. Just send in the coupon (pasting it on a penny postal will do the trick), and I promise you some swell recipes by return mail! Even if you are not the picnic type . . . if you hate the great outdoors . . . loathe the woods . . . detest the sand and echo the thoughts about the ocean expressed in Fred Astaire's song, "The Atlantic isn't romantic and the Pacific isn't terrific," nevertheless here's your chance to learn about some easy summer dishes. Why not get some fun out of eating (even if it is hot!) by trying out something new? Why not add novelty to the dinner hour by serving your meal "picnic style"—with a paper cloth, paper napkins, paper plates and even paper cups and forks?

AN especially nice feature about the Hostess Recipes this month is that all the foods can be prepared well in advance. Your Jean Parker supper would include Ham Loaf with Combination Potato Salad and Savory Stuffed Eggs, followed by Special Pound Cake or Pack-Well Cookies, or both! Add a beverage, make plain or fancy sandwiches, and I guarantee that such a meal would be a picnic wherever it was eaten!

And now there's just room enough left to give you honest-to-goodness outdoor folks some picnic pointers and packing suggestions of my own.

There seems to be a growing interest in having a hot food on a day's outing of late. This has been brought about, no doubt, by the many state camping sites with their facilities for camp cooking. Thus, having once discovered how good a sizzling piece of bacon or charcoal-broiled steak tastes on such occasions, many people now tote along a frying pan and even one of the new camp stoves which are sold in chain stores for less-than-you-would-think. When it comes to supplies for actual cooking, here is where you will find that canned goods provide the most easily transported treats. The list of possibilities would include cooking oil (which does not scorch as easily over an open fire), corned beef hash, canned fish chowders, canned soups, spaghetti, baked beans and chili concarne, to name only a few. Even the baby can go on a picnic these days and be assured of a balanced, digestible meal because you can take along



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Only if you had your soil specially tested and selected—only if you had your seeds pedigreed to order—only if you had the care of your garden under trained agriculturists—could you possibly grow vegetables as good as the Gerber *Home Grown* specimens raised so painstakingly just *for* you and your baby!

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As you stir food you're heating, we have these foods *shaken* during the cooking process . . . so heating is even, while the foods cook faster. Judge for yourself, too, whether they don't look and taste *fresher!*



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STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.



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AGE OF BABY.....BOY.....GIRL.....

"Mealtime Psychology", a booklet on infant feeding, sent free on request. "Baby Book", on general infant care, 10c additional.



TOILET odors are a danger sign. They warn you of breeding germs that threaten health. Summer is the time for added care in the bathroom. Keep toilets clean and safe with Sani-Flush.

Here's an odorless powder, that's made especially to clean toilets. Just dash a bit in the bowl (following directions on the can), flush, and the job is done. No scrubbing. No scouring. No work at all. Yet the porcelain glistens like new. Spots and stains vanish. Odors and germs are killed. The hidden trap that no other method can clean is safe and sanitary. Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing. *It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can).* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores —25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



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CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

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REMOVES FRECKLES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently *while you sleep*. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 154, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

cans of specially prepared strained vegetables and fruits. With milk (which will require very careful, sanitary handling) and a box of zwiebach, baby can make quite a day of it, too, without upsetting his little tummy with unaccustomed foods.

Here are a few suggestions that will surely help in transporting your meal to your destination in fine condition and in eating it with a certain degree of comfort. First check your supplies carefully. Be sure you have the prepared mustard, lump sugar and container of salt and pepper combined. (Easy on the pepper, however, some people don't like it!) Have plenty of paper plates, cups, napkins, forks and spoons. Don't make the mistake of planning on only one of each for each person. It won't begin to be enough! Be sure you have a can opener and an anchor bottle opener. Be equally certain that you have a good, sharp knife. Take along at least one long-handled fork if you are doing any camp cooking. The old "forked stick" idea may be rustic but it isn't nearly as practical. Take along fruits that have a protecting outer skin, such as oranges and bananas. They peel easily and don't require washing.

ADD vegetable parchment to your picnic packing equipment. By using this splendid insoluble paper you can take along a whole head of lettuce or a really moist, mixed salad with plenty of dressing on it, with no fear of having it leak all over the rest of the things. It's splendid for wrapping butter and also makes for a lot lighter picnic basket if you use it for pickles and olives instead of leaving them in their original glass containers. Take along an extra sheet of parchment paper to use as a tablecloth, too. Then when you are through with it as a cloth you can moisten it and use it to wipe off cutlery, bottles and even sticky hands! Ideal also for wrapping wet bathing suits. So you see parchment paper is a picnic "must."

There just doesn't seem to be the space, here, to go into the fascinating subject of sandwiches except to suggest that you look at the picture at the beginning of this article because it illustrates the three types of sandwiches which you should know about. The first is the hearty type of sandwich which does not have the crust removed and which goes in for meats and other sturdy fillings between generously thick slices of bread. The second is the thinner, daintier sandwich which is more likely to appeal to the womenfolk on the picnic. (The children will think it's "sissy"!) It is advisable to make these with bread that you slice yourself instead of buying the ready sliced loaves. The third type of sandwich is the fancy variety which deserves the attention only of stay-at-home picnickers. Admittedly, "pinwheels," "cornucopias," "loaf" and "ribbon" sandwiches make an appetizing display, but don't try to pack them.

With these suggestions and Jean Parker's recipes you ought to be able to go in for "bigger and better picnics" this summer. And remember, picnics or no picnics, you'll enjoy the Combination Potato Salad, Savory Stuffed Eggs, Picnic Ham Loaf, Special Pound Cake and Pack-Well Cookies that the following coupon will bring you, post haste, and absolutely free!

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MODERN SCREEN,
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Please send me a free leaflet containing Jean Parker's tested picnic recipes.

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City.....

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Alas, She's the Type!

(*Continued from page 41*)

said that Anita didn't actually say, "Oh, gosh!" What she did say wasn't very bad, but right along in the spirit of her studio, we're gonna keep on making her out to be a little golden princess. You know, it sort of gets to be a habit.

"I know the theatre. Lots about it. You see, I've worked for fourteen years—ever since I've been five," remarked little Miss L., "which has been a heck of a long time. I played in the Broadway production of 'Peter Ibbetson' as my first theatrical venture, with John Barrymore taking the title role. He must have been magnificent in it, but I was scared as the devil of his booming voice. You see, I was Mimsey-as-a-child and I can imagine Mr. Barrymore could have done very well without Mimsey-as-a-child. Perhaps he wasn't wrong either, although to be fair, the critics favorably mentioned itsy-bitsy Mimsey."

Miss Louise evidently regards some of her childhood performances with slight dismay. You see, she's long on candor and short on praise of herself. She rated almost any role for which she tried out in those very youthful days of her career, for she had the face of an angel and a disposition to go with it. Even as a young student at the Professional Children's School near Broadway, Anita was always at the head of the class in lessons and deportment, which was a bit discouraging to young Tom Brown who sat a couple of seats behind her and was never able to "catch up."

Later in life Mr. Brown attempted to catch up sentimentally, but Miss Louise still proved to be as elusive as were her excellent marks in the not so long ago, which has this same Tom pretty disconsolate at this writing. In fact the story goes, that one reason Anita's mother took her to Europe recently was to get her away from quite another pursuing male, who was said to be "not the type for an ingenue," nor for that matter, sophisticate either. However, if Anita was blue about the prospective long separation, she didn't show it. And she didn't shy at the marriage questions either.

"I WANT to be married," she said quite frankly. "Of course, I'm not on the lookout especially, but if someone comes along who is right; well, I wouldn't hesitate a moment. He's merely got to be honest and square and ambitious. That's not asking much, is it? No big star, no banker, no anyone who is 'in the money.' That stuff doesn't make you happy.

"Mother and I just have a little house, a little car and a little dog named Wee Thistle, who, by the way, can play Juliet.

"Yep, we say, Thistle you're an actress.

And Thistle runs up the stairs, pokes her head through the bannister, sticks her paws out and barks very softly. That's the balcony scene, in case you're slow at grasping things. But, to get back to men, I can be happy on very little worldly goods for I've often had to do it. I don't have much fear of the future.

"As a matter of fact, I have only one fear," continued Anita, "and that is when anyone puts his hands on my neck. When I was a kid, I got caught in a revolving door and if I hadn't been wearing a thick, muskrat collar, I'd have been strangled. Even today, I can't put a dress on over my head. Always have to step into it and pull it up.

"So you can imagine poor Claude Rains' chagrin when he pretended to choke me during a scene in 'Anthony Adverse' and I let out a war whoop that could be heard all over the studio, and then fell trembling into a real St. Vitus Dance routine. Gosh, the poor man almost died. But, after the shakes left, I explained, and I hope he feels that there is a limit to 'realism in art' now."

Anita is not superstitious, but she admits she owns a good luck charm. It is a hat ornament made from the tuft of a gemser.

"And," she added hastily, "in case you don't know what a gemser is, it's a member of the reindeer family—say third or fourth cousin or sumpin'—living in the Alps. I wore the ornament on a hat when I landed a job I didn't expect to get, and since then I have a very special feeling for it.

INCIDENTALLY, I don't worry about getting the roles I set my heart on as much as I used to. I guess I've turned philosopher or something. Wasn't it a smart man who once said, in very flowery language, of course, 'Be careful what you want, you'll get it'? Well, that happened to me twice. I had bent every effort, pulled every string, to land two parts—at different times, of course. Well, I got them. And when the pictures were released, the coveted roles just didn't mean a thing.

"I believe that you should work like mad for what you want and speak up for it—not in the prissy, school-girl manner in which I *used* to—and then if you don't get it, forget it. It just wasn't to be. No, I'm not trying to be a fatalist—merely to be sensible."

And that's the keynote to the Louise character. Good sense. She's a trouper, too. Having been acting for fourteen years, she's "professional," as Ina Claire would say. In other words, she can take it on the chin—the disappointment and hard knocks, of which her profession boasts more than any other career in the world. For, all that glitters is not glamor. It is apt to be just a big Cooper Hewitt light, which makes a painted backdrop look like real English countryside to the gentleman who has just paid his quarter at the box office to see it.

Anita Louise isn't complaining, for she knows her chance for what Merton of the Movies called "bigger and better things" will eventually come. She's convinced, however, that somebody will suddenly have to drop out of a cast in order to permit opportunity to knock at her door, for she doesn't think that the studio will ever allow anyone who *looks* like she does, *act* like she wants to.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

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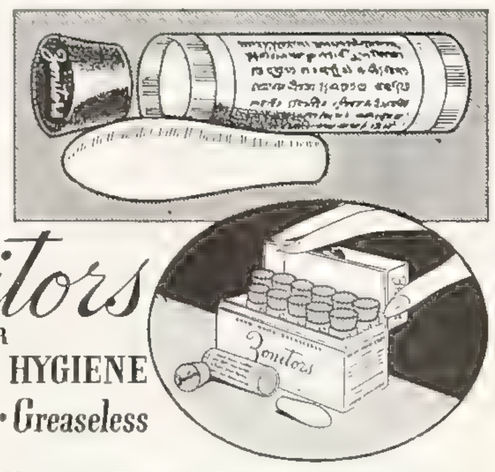
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Sunning or Swimming?

(*Continued from page 57*)

some other very good active sports fashions for you which represent different phases of the sports picture as worn by your Hollywood favorites. These are illustrated on pages 56 to 58. Look at them closely, for they are the sort of sports clothes you will want to wear and will be able to find in your own shops—variations of these, of course.

STILL on the tennis theme, there's Claire Trevor's version of the popular tennis shorts costume. Hers is red and white polka dotted cotton, made very much like a child's play suit and in one piece. The blouse has a white yoke extending down each brief sleeve like a stripe. Tucks just below the bust give a high-waisted suggestion and a round monogram is a smart detail. The shorts are box pleated to give plenty of room for active play. White and red buckskin for her shoes and white socks.

Anita Louise gives you a less strenuous view of the shorts and shirt situation! In fact, she's the picture of summer ease, posed in her garden with a soda clutched in one hand. Her shorts are without fullness and are made of pale blue sharkskin—a gaily printed linen blouse forms the topper.

Madge Evans likes slacks or pajamas. She wears a very simple, man-tailored pair of slacks in a waffle weave knit and a trim white shirt. This particular slacks costume, Madge told me, is made by the same well-known firm that turns out her swim suits. They come in all sorts of colors.

Maureen O'Sullivan likes her beach clothes to look both feminine and colorful. That's why she likes a beach dress best of all—and you can't blame her when the effect of the one she is pictured wearing is so swell. Starched navy blue organdy, specially processed to be waterproof, is made with a voluminous skirt. A bright red zipper with a sea horse for its ornament is matched in color by a wide patent leather belt. There's nothing but a brim and braided band to the daffy red straw beach hat, giving the sun a good whack at Maureen's dark pate. That hobo bandana bag is a trick all of you can copy with any good bandana 'kerchief you have handy. All you do is to knot the top and sling it over your arm or a walking stick with all your beach gadgets packed inside. Under Maureen's dress is a skin-tight, one-piece navy satin suit. And red and white linen with blue kid for the beach shoes. Slick beach ensemble, isn't it?

You, who like a bathing outfit that combines both the practical with the decorative, must look at June Lang's attractive printed tie silk affair. It is made in three pieces, yellow with a bright red figure. The top is a very modest "bra" with halter neck—jersey lined matching shorts combine with this for active swimming. But for sunning, the trick beach skirt, which wraps around and ties, makes it a complete ensemble. This skirt is often worn as a cape, too, and is perfect for anyone who doesn't care to tan.

June also is one of the many Hollywood culotte fans. These new divided skirt costumes are running the shorts and slacks a close race for general sports popularity. Since cycling has become such a rage all over the country, the culotte has taken a big spurt in smart acceptance and is being shown in the stores in all fabrics, from cottons to the thin jersey which makes this navy blue one of June's. Culottes are seen both in one-piece and two-piece versions. June's is two-piece with the top a simple polo shirt. The sash and scarf of white wool embroidered in navy dots gives a nice accent. Be sure to notice her sandals, which are made of white ribbed pique with navy lacings and cork soles.

Bette Davis wears a smart bathing costume in "The Golden Arrow." The suit looks like a short dress and is made of a smart dark background print. The neckline is deep and square. Over this goes a print wrap lined in white toweling. For a cap Betty ties a bandana of the matching print over a rubber diving cap.

HOWEVER, you, who take your swimming and diving seriously, will not trifle with the dressmaker style of suits. You will want a workman-like knitted suit designed for strenuous water activities. The nationally advertised swim suits are just what you want and they offer you an amazing variety of unusual styles, weaves and colors. I have selected several this month that are the pet styles of some of Hollywood's best swimmers.

Rosalind Keith's trim suit on page 58 is a perfect Jekyl and Hyde arrangement. It can be worn with the square neck and laced-up "bra" bodice, as photographed, or the bodice may be unlaced to give a deep V neckline. Still another dodge is to unfasten the contrasting crocheted straps at back and make a halter neck effect. Tricky, what? The concealed brassiere construction is simply slick, because it gives you the perfect sort of figure control without any extra garments beneath. This suit has a smart, closely woven texture and comes in stunning colors.

A clever version of the "bra" and shorts type of suit is the novelty knit worn by a young Hollywood extra. The brassiere top has an extension at front which fastens to the tightly fitted short pants. A halter strap is made of contrasting cord held by star buttons and the shorts are belted with the same cord. This is a grand style for the girl with a slender, youthful figure.

For the girl or woman who needs a slightly less figure revealing style, Betty Furness' suit is the answer. It has a brief skirt over the under trunks, but gives the appearance of a one-piece. The gay check design is very new and the straps tying in bows above the brassiere bodice are nice details. All these suits have the deep sun-tan back design. Notice Betty's bathing shoes—they're a fishnet and cork combination with Ghillie lacings.

Carol Hughes wears a good looking and snug fitting dusty pink and brown suit. Like Betty, she likes a short skirt style and the uplift brassiere top is given a slight accent with tucks. The square neckline is stressed smartly by the color contrast of the straps and lacing. You'll notice that her beach shoes are the same as Betty's—these are great favorites with all the stars.

All these suits are featured in your shops and stores all over the country and in many more designs besides. Knitted suits have achieved the tops in excellent design this season, because they not only give you the newest styles and textures but they are made to set each type of figure off to the best advantage.

When I come across a perfectly swell gadget that simplifies dressing, I have to pass it on to you. My latest discovery is a pair of metal shoulder strap holders. Why

some smart person didn't think of them long ago is more than I can fathom, because they eliminate all that tedious business of sewing fabric straps into every garment you buy.

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Those Good Luck Pals

(*Continued from page 37*)

taking a flat together with two other fellows from the old crowd, Josh Logan—now a stage director—and Myron McCormick. Hank was the one who found the flat, a block off Central Park on 63rd Street and surprisingly cheap. Later they discovered why . . .

"When we moved in," Jim explained, "two of us weren't working and the other two averaged about a nickel a day. So we ate home a lot. Hank did the cooking, he's good at it. Mexican rice and meat balls was the famous dish—not much money and it fills you up. I couldn't coax an egg to fry, so it was up to me to do the dishes. Once we gave a 'dinner party.' (We were in the money that night. Had twenty dollars between us.) About thirty ex-Falmouth players gathered around, and Hank and I went and bought out the Five-and-Ten. Afterwards we didn't know what to do with all the dirty plates. Towards the end of our stay, the cooking department dwindled down to a big bowl of milk toast every night. It was easy to make and easy to wash the bowl . . ."

THERE was another big celebration the night both Jim and Hank got parts in "All Good Americans." It was Hank's first featured role on Broadway after eight years of plugging. Jim himself was more or less atmospheric in the part of a banjo player, and with his salary he made a down payment on an accordion. "That," he says in that laconic drawl of his which would keep an undertaker chuckling, "is the kind of banjo player I was."



Q-347 · PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIETTE LASSERRE, PARIS



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In the midst of the celebration that night, the accordion going full blast, there was a pounding on the door. "The landlord!" said Hank. But it wasn't. It was a pasty-faced individual with a red smear on his shirt sleeve. He had, he told them, fallen and cut himself. Did they have any iodine? They did. But he refused to let them help fix the arm. Instead he took the bottle and disappeared. Even at that they didn't tumble.

It wasn't until they had lived in the flat seven months that they learned they were in the center of the most notorious gang in New York.

One morning they read that a front-page gunman had been killed on their doorstep an hour before they got home the night before. "Gosh," said Hank, "we'll have to get home earlier!" The boys went into a huddle. It was time, they decided, to move out to the summer stock companies for their health.

In the fall things happened. Not bullets, but billings. Jim opened with Judith Anderson in "Divided by Three" and two weeks later Hank blazed spectacularly across Broadway in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." To occupy their own time between shows they bought the most involved airplane model they could find, with retractable landing gear, machine guns, everything. Often they stayed up until dawn working on the drat' thing, then they had to step around the pieces to get to bed. It was almost complete when Hank signed a contract to appear opposite Janet Gaynor in the screen version of "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and left for Hollywood.

That was in February. By May M-G-M had annexed Jimmy Stewart. Hank let out a howl of glee and wired, "Don't forget to bring the airplane with you, mug."

Tenderly Jimmy carted the thing (wing spread, three feet) to his family abode in Pennsylvania. He stayed there long enough to make a traveling box for it in the shape of a T and painted it black. Passengers on the west-bound train took one look at it and edged sharply away. Tsk, tsk, these gangsters were getting bolder every day!

In the station at Pasadena Jimmy pushed the box into Hank's arms. "You carry it for a while," he suggested. An hour later they were trying the plane out in the front yard of a majestic Hollywood apartment building. It swooped. It curved. Before they could count four it crashed in a hundred pieces.

"So much for the law of gravity," said Hank gravely and he went in to unpack Jim's ties. He'd been missing that blue one!

As a matter of fact, they're both born aviators. They have that sense of balance and quick timing so essential to cloud hurdling. Hank had already started flying lessons over at the Glendale airport and Jim followed suit. The sky's the limit with a pair like that.

"It was pretty fine, having Hank out here first so he could show me the Hollywood ropes," Jim tells you. "He's done more for me than any other person on earth."

And Fonda says simply, "I wouldn't be able to live out here except for him."

JIM is his balance wheel, a steadying influence in the slightly cock-eyed world of Hollywood. Somehow they've managed to form a humorously sane little circle that's quite apart from the jamboree side of the movies. It's made up mostly of former University Players and the old Falmouth crowd. Almost any Sunday you can discover them at the "ranch" the boys have rented. It's a Holmby Hills estate done in Mexican style with a rambling adobe house, tennis and badminton courts, pingpong tables, twelve cats, two dogs and a monkey cage filled with eight finches. The cats were there when they came—seven had just been born in a flower pot. The two dogs, "Boy," a Scotty, and "Son," a police dog, were the reasons they moved to the "ranch." Son, abetted by Boy, had ruined all the furniture in the apartment. "It was either a case of buying the apartment or moving," observes Jim, "so we moved."

Cassie's dinners are really what keeps them home nights. On Thursday, her day off, Hank gets a waffle supper. "Not," explains young Mr. Stewart, "that I can give him much credit for that. His sister sent him a waffle iron that does everything but speak and he uses a prepared batter!" Sometimes they go to the roller-skating rink afterwards, but more often they go to a movie. They're ardent movie fans. Hank has a 16 mm. color camera and he's writing and directing a picture in which Jim plays all the parts. First you see him as a Mexican bandit, then as the kind-hearted peon; you see his reactions to himself being shot by himself while shaving. Jim Stewart is probably the only man who ever played sixteen parts in a movie and got away with it! But then, Hank calls him a "natural" as an actor.

From the start Fonda has swept on from one success to another. "Way Down East," "I Dream Too Much," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." It seemed kind of snorty that as good an actor as Jim should go on playing minor roles. Then Hank saw a chance to do something about it.

IN the Vendome one day, while he was lunching with his manager, Leland Hayward, he saw a slim, very attractive girl come in. The girl who had once been his wife, whom he had worshipped in the way only men of the Fonda type can. Jim had been his mainstay during the stagnant weeks following the announcement of their divorce three years previously. Well, here was where he could do something for Jim. He sauntered over to her table. "Hello, Sullavan." Margaret Sullavan looked up, smiled. "Hello, Hank! Too bad that contract of yours couldn't be rearranged so we could play together in this next picture. The studio's looking all over for someone."

"That's what I wanted to see you about," said Hank. And he "sold" Jim for the role that made him famous in "Next Time We Love."

Afterwards Hank did play opposite Sullavan, as he calls her, in "The Moon's Our Home." Now they're saying the romance is on again. Margaret is divorced from her second husband, William Wyler, and it isn't an unusual sight to see her at the "ranch" playing tennis and staying on for waffles. Hank seems happier now than at any time since he's been in pictures.

"Changed? Yes, of course he's changed since he came here," Jim Stewart drawled slowly. "He's more mature. Has more responsibility, yet he's more relaxed. He was sort of a kid when he arrived. You wouldn't call him that now. He's grown, but not in the Hollywood way. Hank is just as natural as ever!"

And over at the Walter Wanger studio where we cornered Hank, he grinned widely. "People have to be pretty normal to get along together as long as Jim and I have. Maybe we keep each other kind of down-to-earth."

Maybe they do. . . .

From Gangster to Model Citizen

(*Continued from page 50*)

in Connecticut and they write her the most peculiar letters marked 'personal' and 'private' about me. They ask her if I am as tough in real life as I am on the screen. Am I brutal with her and all that sort of thing."

"And are you?" I wanted to know.

Chester waxed eloquent.

"I'm so far lacking in brutality, if you must know the truth, I would side-step if I saw a cockroach skidding under my feet."

I had to concede that this was the quintessence of kindness. "I've often wondered how I happened to play gangster and crook roles in the first place," he went on, "for it's the farthest thing from my real self. I haven't the slightest streak of adventure in my make-up. Sometimes, I think I should have been a bank clerk or something quite secure. I never take chances on anything, whether it be financial, physical or moral. I never gamble on the stock market, so I never lose. Never go in for hazardous adventures or hobbies, so I don't get hurt. I don't get high blood pressure every time a beautiful girl comes along, so Sue and I manage to be happy together. No. It is the safe and sane that appeals to me."

"Do you mean you have never in your life gone through a 'Diamond Dick' outlaw-worshipping stage? Never imagined yourself chasing a flock of Indians or sinking a river-boat full of pirates?"

The thing was incredible, but Chester shook his head at my question.

NEVER in my life. As long as I'm telling the truth, I'll go all the way and confess that I don't care for anything that is the least bit hazardous. I don't like to play polo because you can never depend on what a horse is going to do. I don't care for aviation because planes are just as uncertain as horses. I am not crazy about the sea. I don't like to hunt. Name any kind of dangerous or hazardous sport and you can say I'm against it."

"It doesn't make sense," I murmured. "If you don't like anything resembling danger, you must have been on the spot pretending to be tough, then. What was the hardest thing you had to do in gangster pictures?"

"I'll tell you," he leaned forward and partially closed his eyes in approved "menace" style. "It was learning how to fire a gun without closing my eyes. I hate the sound of gun-fire and every time one of the darned things went off in my hands, I just naturally jumped and shut both eyes. I finally mastered the trick, but it was a real job."

I told myself that there must be a reason for his phobia. And then, without trying, I found it.

When he was about fourteen years old, his chum Fred Martin was given a shotgun for a birthday present and the two boys went on several enjoyable outings together. Then, quite suddenly, tragedy struck them. Even now, Chester doesn't quite understand how. They were rowing up a little stream in a canoe together with the gun in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly, there was a report, sharp but not very loud, and water began filling the canoe.

"Oh, I've shot through the boat," Fred exclaimed. Then bewildered, "No. I've



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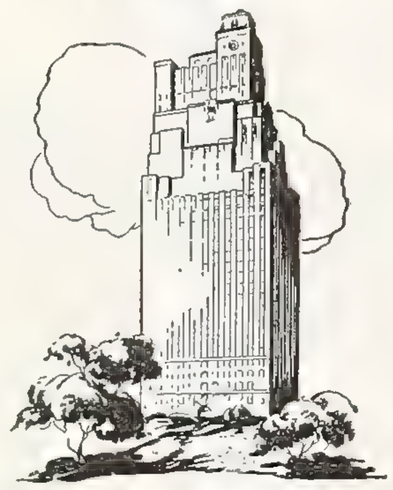
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shot myself!" And he had. In moving his foot, he had discharged the gun and a bullet had struck a nerve in his foot, paralyzing it.

Chester succeeded in getting him out on the bank and went for help to a nearby farmhouse. It was hours before they finally reached home and had the wound dressed properly. The accident occurred during "dog days" and although the injury was not very deep, blood-poisoning resulted. The boy's leg was amputated in an effort to save his life, but the operation was not successful. He died a few days later and, from that day, Chester has had a natural horror of firearms.

After he told me, haltingly, about the accident, I could understand. Then, he told me about his experience with horses and planes.

"I started to learn horseback riding three years ago," he reminisced. "Bob Montgomery gave me a polo pony when he sold his string of ponies. I enjoyed my morning rides after that for several weeks. Then, one morning, I was riding along the Beverly Hills bridle path when a noisy ice-cream wagon came along. The kind that are found only in California. It gave a loud ring-a-ling and the horse must have thought it was the chukker. Anyway, it did absolutely everything except what I wanted it to do. Finally, it landed me up on some strange millionaire's doorstep, after tearing chunks out of the lawn, for which I, of course, agreed to pay. At last, I climbed back on and gave him his head and told him to go any place he wished to go, or do what he wanted to do. After he got polo out of his mind, he ambled back home with me, and I decided I would never go horseback riding again.

"Last summer, when we were making 'Three Godfathers,' I had a lot of riding to do in the picture and I made up my mind I would do it myself, because I don't like the idea of using a double for things like that. After a few early morning rides across the desert, I found I was beginning to enjoy it. In no time, I learned how to ride properly, and I found there was a lot of difference between horses and polo ponies. I'm not an expert horseman, by any means, but I have learned how to ride pretty good.

"Bob Montgomery used to get a kick out of my aversion to horses. He says he feels like he is missing something now, when he sees me riding comfortably along. To tell the truth, while I'm not exactly afraid of horses any more, if I never rode again it wouldn't hurt me too much."

CHESTER told me then about his plane phobia.

"I went up in a plane, one sunny afternoon," he told me, "and I enjoyed every minute of my first flight. I felt as if a new world were opening before me. I told Sue all about my pleasant reactions when I got home and insisted that she would love to fly, too. I arranged to take the family out to the airport for a short flight the following Sunday afternoon. We were given a capable and experienced pilot and we spent an enjoyable hour in the air. All of us were properly thrilled. However, when we landed, something went wrong. The plane all but tipped over. The pilot was white-faced when he helped us out and said:

"'I can't understand. This has never happened before.'

"I understood plainly one thing. That was, that I had no right to jeopardize my family or the rights of my family for any experience, however pleasant. I have the sense of restriction that any normal family man has. I love my wife and I adore my youngsters and I do not intend to do anything that will hurt them in any way. So I have sworn off flying or allowing my family to fly."

I pondered this. I remembered when I had gone up in a plane ride with George Brent. I hadn't wanted to, either, but since George had been kind enough to ask me, I went. I told Chester about it, and that I had expected to be frightened out of my wits and although I really enjoyed the flight, I was so weak and sick that I almost fainted when we got up a mile high.

"That was a dumb thing to do," Chester assured me when I told him about it. "Why on earth did you go up in the first place, when you were sick?"

"Because I wanted to merit George's good opinion," I explained. "I was afraid if I told him I was sick, he would think I was afraid to go up."

With the freedom of friendship, Chester scolded me then.

"Now, that's what I call plain cowardice. You were afraid George might think you were afraid, so you took a chance on becoming unconscious and perhaps jeopardizing both your life and George's. I would have told him the truth. For heaven's sake, don't ever be afraid to do what you think is right."

Suddenly, a real truth dawned upon me, and I saw what he meant. A man can be the bravest sort of fellow and never lift a finger in physical combat.

Chester Morris has the highest type of courage. He will stand or fall for what he thinks is right. He risked a fall several years ago, when the man who held his contract gave him his choice of making a series of bad pictures for a nice sum of money "or else." Chester told him quietly that, as far as he was concerned, it would be "or else." And so, because he had the right to do so and wanted to break Chester's will, the fellow kept him off the screen for over a year. For other people that would have been the end of the world, but Chester's fans remained loyal to him.

Actors like to work with Chester because he is good luck for them. It is becoming one of Hollywood's best legends. I don't think it is entirely a matter of luck, but rather that he likes to help beginners get a good start.

He helped Robert Taylor, at his own expense, in "Society Doctor," because he liked Robert and believed he had personality and ability and needed only a chance to prove it. When he accepted the story, the studio offered to cut the dialogue and scenes in which Robert appeared, but Chester would not hear of it. I doubt if Robert himself has heard of the generous gesture, for Chester has a way of minimizing the kind things he does for others.

His own luck in pictures has not been the best in the world, for he has been handed any number of poor roles. However, regardless of the story, he always manages to turn in a good performance. He liked his role in "Three Godfathers" and he is excited about his new T-man picture, "Counterfeit."

"I'm glad producers have quit casting me in gangster roles," he told me in parting. "Crime has never appealed to me. It always has seemed such a dumb thing for anybody to be at odds with organized society. Nobody can get away with it for long. I hope I'll get some more roles like this one."

He probably will, for directors have a way of remembering good performances and casting actors in similar roles. I hope he does, anyway. I like Chester as an upholder of the law and a model citizen for a change.

He's Married Again

(*Continued from page 40*)

because while the cinema starlets were making publicity stills she was creating Beverly Hills hats, chapeaux that Lilyan Tashman would like to have worn.

No sooner had the newspaper photographers snapped him sprinting down the gangplank and the customs inspectors okayed his declaration, which included four new suits and dozens of Bond Street shirts, than he was rushing off to put his signature on the little paper that says you mean matrimonial business and in case California is your legal address, it's sort of hard on the husband financially if it doesn't work out right.

The newly merged Edmund Lowes were feted so fast and furiously in the environs of Park and Fifth Avenues that Eddie got no chance at all to see his bride, until he conceived the brilliant idea of a Detroit stopover en route to Los Angeles. In the meantime, while he was still in the throes of that sensation, "I have to buy the bride a present on four wheels" and super-salesmen of the leading motor car companies were parked in front of his hotel door, we had orange juice and a pear salad.

I said to him, "Eddie, you told me not so terribly long ago that you'd never marry again. What changed your mind?"

Mr. Lowe replied, "Love."

I continued the probing with a question that would have puzzled anybody, except George Bernard Shaw.

EDDIE, what is love?" and that's where the rapid-fire question and answer business began. Mr. Lowe, in the process of our spilling phrases and sentences, got to repeating Greek suffixes he had learned in his Jesuit college, which isn't so far afield as you would imagine. Because it would appear that as long back as the parsing of his first Latin verb, Edmund Lowe, the actor-that-was-to-be, learned self-reliance, found out just what he wanted from life and was grooming himself in the "accept no unsatisfactory substitutes" manner.

Lilyan Tashman and her marriage with him represented the fullest years in his professional and social life. While he was rising to stardom she set a background standard for him—a social calendar that was perfectly satisfactory and yet made no unfair demands on his working schedule. It wasn't always completely peaceful and yet it was more important than any phlegmatic tranquility would be now.

That's why he fell in love with Rita Kaufman and the younger beauties lost out. The new bride represented the kind of life which had become a habit. Subconsciously, he was seeking the marital partner who would continue the Tashman type of existence and, to his way of thinking, Rita Kaufman would fit into his well-ordered scheme in a manner that would cause no disruption in those domestic and social habits that the years had made.

Eventually, Mr. Lowe got around to telling me that love, after your adolescence, is still important to a successful marriage. But, also, that when you've grown up, mentally and professionally, learned what life is about in the hardest way, you adopt a certain philosophy that extends to the marital relationship. Rita Kaufman represented those things he had learned to want out of a well-filled life of varying cycles.

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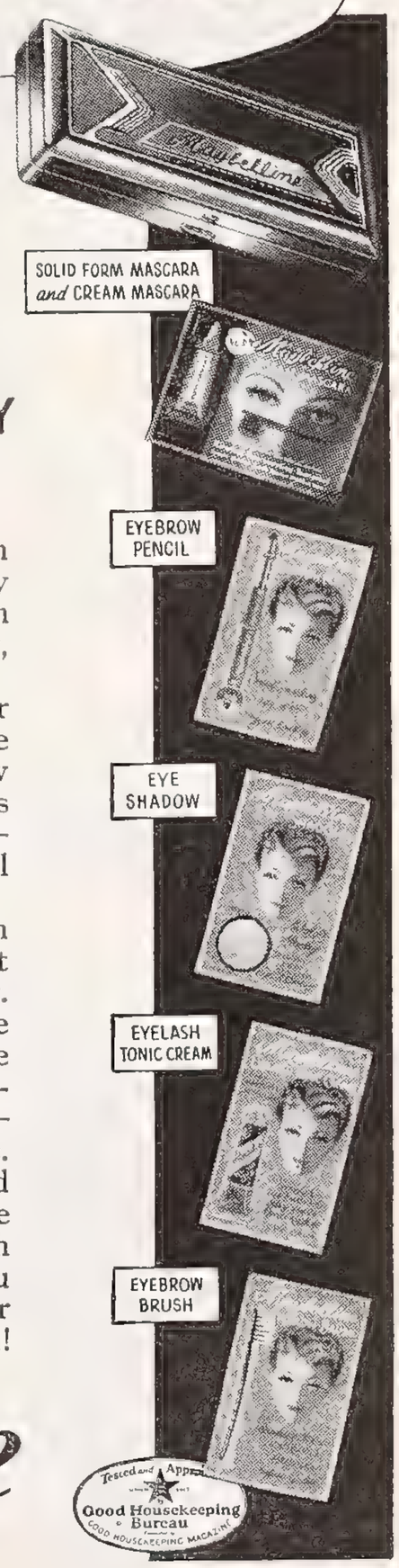
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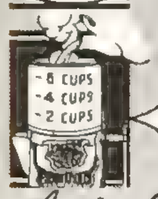




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like Miss Kaufman was to ask her to step into the role that had been held for such a long run by Lilyan Tashman.

When Edmund Lowe first married Miss Tashman, he was in the formative stage of his screen career. She set him so steadfastly on the path that marked the final goal of all his earthly endeavors, it was inconceivable to him that he could take another permanent partner who wouldn't see the same "finish," who wouldn't recognize all the road signs and traffic lights en route.

While we thrashed out all this, Mr. Lowe, in a uniquely confiding mood, told me what was really at the back of his mind when he started telephoning Rita from London.

HE said, "Love of course is absolutely essential to any happy marriage. But love, at my age, is predicted on a number of things—companionship, mutual interests, a certain integrity about recognizing each other's personal rights."

I broke in, "Eddie, I think it's swell; you've found what you sought. So many people thought you would fall for one of those terribly young things in Hollywood, because certainly within this past year the line to your heart formed on the right, and in double column."

He answered, "Don't be silly. The world is filled with youthful beauty, and it's a grand asset when you have it, but it's not enough. A man my age meets somebody young and lovely and the appeal is purely physical. You get your fill of that, but you know it won't last. Then along comes somebody like Rita. She's attractive, adult, a grand companion and she's loyal. We have so may interests in common. What more can you ask?"

But I wasn't finished yet. Before Mr. Lowe went to England there had been reports that he and Rita Kaufman were that way about each other. She was out in Hollywood on a purely business mission but mingled with the stars. She was smart, sophisticated and a success after her own fashion. She was a lot like Lilyan Tashman. But compared to some of the budding, blue-linen-shorts brigade of the Hollywood junior school, she was a counterpart of the Tashman tradition.

I said, a little hesitantly to Mr. Lowe while he was nibbling on his last lettuce leaf, "In a way, your bride is quite a tribute to Lilyan. Clothes are important to her, a career after its fashion seems important to her, but from what I gathered you're the one.

And Eddie said, "You're right. I didn't realize it," which is a diplomatic answer in any language.

Then with my inquisitive mind I had to ask him, "Did you intend to marry her when you left for London?"

QUICK as a flash he said "no." Then going on, "Of course, I had seen a lot of her on the Coast. She was lovely, well-groomed and a good companion. I enjoyed being with her. But I didn't know it was really love until there was an ocean between us. It's funny a separation like that will either finish things so when you meet the other person later you say hello quite casually and wonder what it ever was that attracted you in the first place. Or else you endure the first few days far away in tranquillity, you meet other people and you wonder what's wrong with you. The realization may come to you in the middle of a walk down a side street, or it wakes you before dawn, or you're talking to a lot of beautiful women and suddenly you ask yourself, Why aren't they like her? You can't wait to get back because you know there's something to share besides glamor and spotlights and parties. She becomes the person you'd like to talk to when things go wrong with your work or you're tired, and you know she'd understand. That's what Rita seemed like to me, when I decided she was *the one.*"

Thereupon it was my turn and I managed a weak interruption, "Aren't you lucky she felt the same way?"

Eddie mumbled, "Heavens, the bride will be sore. I'm half an hour late and you can't keep a bride waiting that long."

So Edmund Lowe rushed off to choose a town car for the bride, and this summer they're living in the beach house that Lilyan Tashman decorated for the last year of her Hollywood triumph. It's all red and white—real crimson and sparkling, pristine white. Mr. Lowe sold the house on Runyon Drive which he and Lilyan had occupied for so long as a town residence, but he kept the silver, and linens and statues he had bought her and now he's purchased a piece of property in Brentwood where he will build the residence Mrs. Lowe wants to have, and somehow it seems as if Lilyan Tashman would be satisfied by the choice her husband made this time.

I'm Doing This for the Kiddies

(*Continued from page 53*)

be fun—you'll make it fun, if you're smart. Do this for example:

Stand erect. Feet about a foot apart. Toes slightly turned in. Raise arms high above the head. Stretch for all you're worth. Stiffen the knees. Now bend the body forward and down. Don't let those knees bend! Keep going forward and down until you are touching the floor between your heels with the backs of your hands. Raise the body to the first position and repeat, at least twenty times. Neither of you may be able to go down as far at first as you should, but keep trying. Make your child do the exercise properly and praise her when she does. Don't be afraid to stretch and pull. It will make your own middle flat and firm and keep your child from having a fat tummy later.

And you can also do this: Stand your child facing the wall. Tell her to get up on her tip-toes (shoes off) and reach as high up the wall with the palms of her hands as she can. Be sure she's standing as close to the wall as possible. Now tell her to stretch, stretch—as if she were trying to reach something too high for her. You hold her wrists, keeping her in position. The trick is for her to try to put her heels down on the floor by stretching her body down—the back, hips and legs feeling the pull—without moving the position of the hands. It can't quite be done at first, perhaps, but the point is to stretch the muscles and make them flexible. Ten times a day. Good for growth and helps make the body supple and graceful. Incidentally, get your hubby or boy friend to do the same thing for you. You'll be surprised how it will flatten out those ugly bumps in practically no time at all.

How many times have I told you to dance—for slimness and pep and a



Always willing to pose, the Dionnelets line up: left to right, Cecile, Yvonne, Emilie, Annette and Marie. Cute?

figure that will prevent "papa" from getting that absent-minded look in his eyes? Dance with your child—or your children. The more the merrier. Get papa up out of that comfortable chair, too, it'll do him good. Make it a *quiet* evening at home for the whole family! A good snappy foxtrot is all you need. You and the kids kick off your shoes and do a one-and-two, hop, one-and-two, hop, around the room. I hope that after all my devil-raising these last months your own figure is lovely and that you can do this dancing business with grace and spring and not look like a—well, use your own judgment. If you can't, it's about time you got busy. Remember, baby, that children adore a mother who is young looking and as they grow older it makes them so happy when ma is slim and chic. If you'd like to have my routine of exercises for posture and body balance, let me know.

Generally speaking, the food I prescribe for you is good for the kids, too. Generally speaking, also, it's milk and fresh vegetables and fresh fruit and fruit juices, lean meats—broiled, not fried—broiled fish and chicken, simple desserts, like custards and puddings made with plenty of milk and eggs and once in a while home-made cake—that's the food for growing youngsters. Beware of pastries, heavy starches, high seasonings—children don't care for the last as a rule, so that's okay. Ice-cream once in a while. Candy in great moderation and preferably after meals, when it will serve its purpose as a pleasant topping-off and not fill up an empty tum to the exclusion of important foods. I think it's a swell idea to tell your children that their allowances are for the movies and special things they've set their hearts on, rather than for candy and ice-cream. Let those two delicacies be occasional additions to the family diet. In that way, they'll be taken more as a matter of course and their allure will vanish.

Here are some hints for school lunches, which are extremely important, and which do get a woman down at times. You can pack them the night before if you'll wrap each thing in waxed paper. Make sandwiches of whole wheat bread, buttered thinly. Fillings can be made of lean roast beef or lamb or sliced chicken. Cream cheese with a little jelly is very tasty. Plain lettuce sandwich—lots of lettuce should go into the young diet, anyway. Chopped celery and watercress, mixed with a little pimento cheese instead of butter. Pack a dessert for the children rather than letting them buy their desserts—you know darn well they'll make a beeline for the sodas and gooey candy. You can pack baked apples, cup custards and rice pudding in molds or waxed cardboard containers. You can also give them raw apples, cherries, oranges—any kind of fresh fruit and, of course, let them eat as much as they want of fruit at all times. You can give them plain sponge cake, angel food cake, two or three graham





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crackers or plain cookies. Milk, if they cannot purchase it at school, can be carried in a cardboard container or small thermos bottle. At recess in the morning, growing children should have a glass of milk. At afternoon recess, orange juice.

NOW I've met up with many little girls lately who don't want to eat. Loss of appetite seems to be a current disease in young women from, say, the baby stage up. Mostly with city children. Sometimes it's because they're nibbling candy and all kinds of truck between meals and sometimes it isn't. They just don't seem to have an appetite for anything. And mothers worry and fret and struggle, trying to "force the food down." Well, my darlings, the shrewd opinion among many good doctors is that this starts way back when the baby catches onto the idea of getting more attention by playing with its food. And mama coaxes and pleads and it's, "Come, come, angel, eat your cereal!" and "Isn't this spinach delicious, d-e-a-r!" What to do? At the first evidence of a child toying with its food, take it away. Do it in a matter of fact manner. Say nothing. Don't persist after a reasonable attempt. Don't scold. And the next mealtime, give the child it's regular portion of food again. If the playful nonsense recommences, take the food away once more. Your child isn't going to starve if it skips a couple of meals. The chances are that young Miss Persnicketty, after one or two eatless meals, will be plenty hungry and there will be no foolishness.

You must, of course, use common sense about it. You'll be able to tell if it's plain cussedness or if something really is the matter with your child.

The other great diet problem with young children is that they want to eat the wrong things. And I know a lot of you grown up darlings who do the same thing—which is worse, because you ought to know better. If your child has been brought up from babyhood under the supervision of a doctor, I'm pretty certain that you won't have this worry on your hands. But if your problem is already up around your eyes, that doesn't help you much, does it? Explain if you can the rewards of eating the right things. Eat properly yourself (or you'll hear from me about it!) and set a good example. Tell your child that a poor complexion, poor teeth, fat whosises and all the rest of it come from eating too many sweets and dolled up dishes. With a young child, that may not work.

She may sulk and say, "I don't care—I want candy!" as the little so-and-sos are apt to do. Perhaps a small bribe or present will do the trick, though it's better if you don't have to appeal to the gold-digging instincts. With an older girl, tell her that some movie star she admires eats properly and has to take regular exercise to keep her face and figure lovely. And that's the gospel truth, or Miss Movie Star will find herself with a forty-room bungalow and no contract.

For that matter, look at the cute Hollywood youngsters. Shirley Temple may have been born with a natural gift for dancing, but plenty of care and proper bringing up have made her the healthy little thing that she is. Those legs are sturdy, as well as clever with the tap steps. Lots of milk, which contains calcium, which builds good bones, has been consumed by Miss Temple. Incidentally, there seems to be a craze for taking tap lessons among the younger generation. By all means, let them take tap lessons, if you have to go without something to pay for same. Swell exercise. Good fun. And maybe there's talent in your family—who knows? Talent in the family pays almost as well as oil in the backyard.

The satiny Temple skin and the sparkling Temple eyes owe a vote of thanks to the generous quantities of proper food, as outlined above by your not-so-humble servant. Those Hollywood youngsters are brought up *right*. There's Jane Withers, who is so much more attractive than she looks in pictures. A nice, intelligent young girl, trained for a theatrical career from earliest childhood. And if you think that the phrase "trained for a theatrical career" means only fencing, French and folderols, you're crazy. It means plenty of sleep—eight hours, anyway—and when a late "engagement" keeps little sweetie up till all hours, she stays in bed the next morning. There's Virginia Weidler, Sybil Jason, Edith Fellows, Cora Sue Collins—all healthy as well as cute and clever.

IF you feel tempted to sit down in a 1936 model gloom and mutter, "All very well to talk about Temple, Withers and the rest. If my little Joey were dragging down $1500 a week, I might be able to be a model mother and have a model child." Well, darlings, believe me, it isn't the hand-embroidered French dresses, the expensive toys and all the other money-bought delights that make Shirley, Jane, Sybil and Cora Sue the fine young women they are. It's sunshine, fresh air, good food, sleep and proper exercise.

There's lots more to be said, but much of it I'll have to leave unsaid because I have no more time now, nor have I the whole magazine, though I do believe I could fill it. However, you know you can always write me your problems and ask questions. But just so you won't think I'm stingy this month, I'll jot down some quick notes for you.

Bad skin during the trying 'teens: A certain broken-out condition is inevitable during the adjustment age. Don't neglect it, but don't let your child get into too much of a twitch about it, and that goes for you, too. And for goodness sake, don't let little Mary Jane pop her pimples or squeeze blackheads or hickeys. Too many women still carry the scars of that pernicious habit. Don't let your child feel a sense of inferiority about any physical defect. Praise her good points and fight the bad ones with tact and understanding. Keep her well regulated internally and see that she keeps her skin immaculately clean. Whether you use mild soap and luke warm water or a good cleansing cream, be sure it's the best. She's worth it! And how would you like to have a swell diet for the complexion? I have a honey! It'll do wonders for you. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request and I'll send it to you.

Unmanageable, stringy hair: Also a manifestation which crops out during the "in between age." Teach your child to shampoo her own hair, at home. Some good oil should be applied first, massaged into the scalp and left on for an hour or so, then a good shampoo, followed by a half dozen rinsings. No mechanical driers—hair should dry naturally. You can frisk it with your hands or a rough turkish towel. If the hair is hopelessly straight and won't take a finger or comb wave, I'm not against a slight permanent. Preferably, just the ends, leaving the top straight. If it is glossy and clean, straight hair is just as nice as curly hair.

Finger nail biting: Let your child, no matter how young, have a manicure. Do a very young child's nails yourself and teach an older girl to do her nails herself. Let the older child have a little polish, just like mama, but colorless or natural, please. The pride your child will take in good-looking finger nails will do more to stop



Tune in on Sam Taylor, Modern Screen's Hollywood reporter. His tri-weekly chats on players and pictures are always bright, amusing, and up-to-the-minute—every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:15 p.m., over Station WOR.

the unpleasant habit of biting her nails than all the scoldings in the world.

FALSE modesty: This nonsense crops up in little girls almost invariably. They won't so much as take off a dress with mama in the room. It's the bunk and you must nip it in the bud. Be matter of fact about it. It's good for everyone to be a nudist in the home, once in a while (of course if your figure is lovely, it's a big help), and furthermore, false modesty may build up serious psychological troubles if not squelched at the beginning. Don't make a fuss about it, but get the idea out of your child's head quickly.

The make-up problem: When to let your daughter begin to use a little make-up is largely a matter of individual decision. Maybe she'll take the decision right out of your hands. Anyway, I hate, on the one hand, to see young girls all daubed up, but on the other hand, I see no reason why a high-school girl shouldn't be allowed a little powder and the merest touch of rouge, if she's unnaturally pale.

You mothers can and must be an inspiring example to your growing daughters. I insist on it! How's that for you? I want you all to take inventory of yourselves right now. Send the coupon below for your copy of my Special Consultation Chart (it's free, you know, when accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope), and find out where you need remodeling. Then get busy. I love helping you and you have no idea how thrilled I am when you tell me about the grand results you are getting. That's my reward.

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Taking It Big

(*Continued from page 49*)

or else! Swanky decorations. People fighting to get in. Everybody talking about Lombard's Mayfair even if Norma Shearer, the old meanie, did show up in a flaming red dress.

Came the opening of the Bamboo Room at the Hollywood Brown Derby. And Carole entertaining this time, smartly, elegantly, only our best people plus a sprinkling of Vanderbilts and Whitneys here for the races.

Now, the small, trim, smart Hollywood Boulevard house where Carole has lived these past few years, is no longer big enough for her. Carole has gone and gotten herself—like the rest of the movie belles—a big house out toward the ocean, where she can do more entertaining. I think the signs are unmistakable—Carole has gone social in a big way, and amusing as it is to watch, it's kinda too bad to see her, of all people, roped into this mad, whirling maelstrom of Hollywood society that goes nowhere and gets nowhere but just rips the stuffing out of the pocketbook.

JOAN Crawford has gone Intellectual with a capital I. Yessum. She's the young woman, I beg your pardon, she is the elegant Mrs. Tone who was recently hostess with her husband at a quietly sumptuous tea for the musical celebrity of America, Leopold Stokowski. She not only entertained for Mr. S., but she sold her Hollywood pals, many of whom wouldn't know a piccolo from a bassoon, on the idea of plunking out five-fifty per seat, because it was the thing to hear the maestro of Philadelphia and his boys thunder through Bach and Wagner!

Now don't mistake me. I think taking it big in an intellectual way is a fine and interesting new phase in Joan Crawford's career, and the more movie people she can get to hear good music, the more power to her. Sure, she'll get a lot out of her association with such an artistic soul as Stokowski, but I still think it is a little amusing when you remember it was the hotcha, hey-hey girl who almost wore out the polished floor of the Cocoanut Grove annexing dance cups, who is turning into this sophisticated patroness of the arts.

Of course, Joan hasn't succeeded in shooting quite as much culture into the veins of her friends as she has absorbed herself. I think it was Sally Blane at a merry cocktail party at the Stu Erwins' on the Sunday afternoon of Joan's tea for the famed Stokowski, who gathered herself together finally and said, "We must go. We promised Joan to go to her party today. It's for some musician—I never heard of him before. Somebody named Stokalin or something."

There's the taking it big case of Ginger Rogers, who has always loved her plumes and her sequins and her feathers and her ruffles on her dresses, who pretty nearly always has managed, when she dressed herself up, to achieve one good jarring note that would send a fashion editor into hysteria!

Ginger, since they up and paired her with the debonair, well-groomed Fred Astaire, the male fashion plate of the screen, is taking herself big as a clothes horse. Yes, our Ginger. Some of the best and most far-echoing battles of her studio during the past year have been staged when Ginger and Bernie Newman, who after all is paid to dress the stars correctly, go into conference over her clothes. Ginger tries to tell Bernie what she should wear. And she's a pretty determined, stubborn little redhead when she makes up her mind. A couple of times Bernie has capitulated to Ginger's ideas and my, my, the sequins and the trains she has gotten away with!

Recently, she came back from New York with a couple of dozen boxes full of frocks, hats, etc., which she had picked out herself for her pictures. She gave specific orders that no one, particularly Mr. Newman, was to see them. Well, pushing his way around the wardrobe on the hunt for some old pieces of fur, Bernie came across these boxes and before the wardrobe woman could say Jack Robinson or "Don't," he had 'em open.

The next time Ginger came into Bernie's office, he greeted her with, "*Where* did you get those hats?" A fatal remark to any woman at any time, and the battle was on! Oh, well, it goes on all the time and I suppose will until Ginger recovers from thinking of herself as a Best Dressed Woman.

I TELL you the taking it big virus gets 'em all. There's the case of Ann Harding, generally considered an intelligent, poised woman with a swell sense of humor.

On the final day of her contract with her studio, Ann had a date in the gallery at one o'clock to shoot "still" pictures. Three hours later, at four o'clock, she arrived with her secretary and Walter Abel, her leading man, with whom she was to pose. They all had been having luncheon at Lucy's. Well, they went to work. The cameras clicked and Ann started to talk about what she thought of producers and picture studios in general. The more Ann talked the madder she got and the more emphatic her tongue became in lashing out at the production methods in Hollywood and how she had been simply ruined by stupidity. Ruined?

Now I ask you, where would Miss Harding be today if it were not for these same astute, shrewd producers? Why, she'd probably be back working in little theatre productions or mebbe she'd be married to some nice army captain and living on his pay. At any rate, she wouldn't own a beautiful home in the Hollywood Hills and she wouldn't be traipsing off to England.

Of course, one of my favorite stories about a male actor taking himself seriously is the one I heard on Georgie Raft—Georgie of the slick hair and patent leather shoes, who is making more money in Hollywood by pushing his nose in front of a camera than he ever could anywhere else.

He'd been having a lot of trouble with the studio over his parts, because he was distressed about them. You remember on one occasion he poked a supervisor in the nose, and he just plain walked out of the Carole Lombard picture.

A writer went to him and said, "Now, what is this all about, George? Why are you so upset all the time? What's the real trouble? Don't you like the parts they give you?"

Raft looked pensive and stared into space. "Well," he said, "you see it's this way. I've always wanted to wear a uniform in a picture and they won't let me!"

SPEAKING of our male heart throbs who are not immune from the taking it big germ, there's Fred Astaire, who simply goes into spasms any time any one suggests writing anything about him for the public prints. Now all stars live in a gold fish bowl—they can't help it—it is a part of the price they pay for being famous on the screen. The more famous they get the more details people want to know about 'em.

Mr. Astaire is a charming, conventional man with nothing in his private life that couldn't be submitted to close scrutiny, but he not only has a fixation against seeing writers, but once he even tried to stop the presses of a magazine printing a life story about him.

We've got a lot of other well developed cases in the town. There's Margaret Sullavan with her exhibitionistic complex, and Jean Arthur who goes temperamental on occasion, and Hepburn who takes herself seriously as a recluse!

Margaret's case is pretty nearly chronic. She can't be cured of snooting photographers and playing the temperamental little girl. They did cure her of making faces at the still cameraman and spoiling her sittings at the studio. After a half dozen expensive sittings had been ruined because Margaret didn't want to play that day, they developed and printed some of those pouty faces and "tongue stuck out" poses, and, what is more, released them to the magazines and newspapers. Margaret was pretty mad when she saw them, but what could she do? The studio had beaten her at her own game.

Nothing much can be done about Hepburn, either. The answer to her freakish ways and taking herself big as a recluse is that she is an old space-grabber. She figures she gets more publicity by acting eccentric than any other way.

I don't know whether this anecdote about Robert Montgomery proves he takes himself big as a wit or whether it just shows he's still an adolescent, but here it is. You judge for yourself. Bob wanted a telephone to match the license number on his trick automobile. He asked the telephone company and was informed the number was already assigned to another party. This didn't stop Mr. Montgomery. He proceeded to harass and annoy the owners of this particular number with such tricks as calling up in the middle of the night and saying, "Is this the Fire Department?" or 'phoning early in the morning, 6:30 a.m. or so, as he left for the studio, and asking for Susie or Bill or Jack or Sam. The poor telephone subscriber who was the object of this campaign finally broke down and demanded his 'phone be changed. Whereupon Bob got the coveted numerals.

Oh, I was going to tell you about Jean Arthur. Well, it seems that Jean got so mad at her director, Eddie Sutherland, that she tore her dress right up the back and threw it on the floor. She put on such a tantrum that the hairdresser shouted at her to be careful of her wig, whereupon Jeannie took the wig off and smashed it onto the floor. However, I guess you'd just call that acting up.

Things like this are going on right now in our dear Hollywood. Good, lusty exhibitions of temperament and showing off and taking it big. Mebbe those fine old days when Pola Negri as the Foreign Queen of Hollywood threw dinner parties on black velvet tablecloths with a purple orchid beside each gold plate are gone—mebbe they are, but the taking it big germ is still in Hollywood's blood. And there's an epidemic right now. Grandma, where's that sulphur and molasses?

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

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Giant Size Tube or Powder never costs more than . . 50¢ Smaller Tube 10¢
ALL DRUG DEPT. STORES — TEN CENT STORES
EASILY · QUICKLY · SURELY

With Fingers Crossed

(*Continued from page 51*)

marvelously in love—only a slow crack-up of dreams. The bond of affection that's meant so terribly much is, unaccountably, another painful memory. Tender words have been as fruitless as yesterday's glowing notices.

Now Isabel is catching on in Hollywood once more. But she doesn't dare rejoice yet. She can't forget how she's been somehow stopped before.

"I've been on the brink of amounting to something in pictures so often," she says, "that I'm afraid to talk about tomorrow. I've prayed, over and over, that this'll be the time I can hold on!"

She's so frequently undergone this waiting for a genuine welcome that you can discern an undercurrent of desperation in the tone of her voice. For the ambitious, age is always a bugaboo; for an actress it is a special hobgoblin. Now that Isabel has reached her mid-twenties, she glimpses thirty on the horizon. She feels that if she hasn't made a go of Hollywood by then, it'll be too late.

She isn't the kind who is sorry for herself. Her greeting is as gay as ever. I see her at the popular cafes and parties, attempting to be the jolly self she inherently is.

But this constant bucking up against an incomprehensible destiny has left a mark on her inner self. Her ninety-eight pounds seem to have had to move ninety-eight thousand pounds for every inning. She will never lower her colors, appear anything but chipper. But I can tell you, confidentially, that she's bewildered, dazed by the succession of hurts that have been heaped upon her.

WE sat in the crowded Vendome not long ago. Isabel had on a smart navy blue suit, and wore a perky straw hat that must have convinced the tourists present that she was on the crest of the wave. I guess the fox furs did give a finishing touch. The strangers were awed at Fame, close up.

I wish they had been listening to the game spirit behind that "front."

"I wanted foxes for years!" Isabel vowed to me. "But I never could afford them. Then I earned some unexpected money and I resolved to do a nice deed for Daddy and also to buy these!"

A year ago, after her splendid contribution to "A Tale of Two Cities," Isabel believed she was licked in California. She left, and only a peculiar circumstance brought her back.

Yet in the beginning there were nothing but promising omens. She has no brothers or sisters, so her parents lavished their devotion upon her. Her father was the son of wealthy people in the East and had had every educational advantage. He'd studied medicine at an excellent university and established records with his brilliant research. Her mother's heritage was that of Southern gentility. And in the small town of Shoshoni, Wyoming, where the couple settled, the Jewells were highly respected.

"I had all the benefits one could have," she affirms. "Loving guidance, comforts —ponies as a child, a car when I was old enough." She was sent to an Episcopal school in Minnesota, and graduated at fifteen, president of the senior class. Wellesley was next on her program, but she had an ill spell and it was decided the winters in Kentucky would be milder. She entered a college for women there.

In the middle of her sophomore year, when she was seventeen, Isabel's desire for the stage overwhelmed her.

"I was tired of getting A's in Latin," she grins, remembering. "I'd had a hunch that I should adore acting. A collegiate try-out induced me to jump from amateur to professional shows. I'd been vaguely discontented and I realized why. So I ran away to Chicago and a stock company!"

"My parents assisted me financially and morally. The background they'd provided me with was such a help in the theatre. When I was fifteen I'd read all the 'musts' on anyone's literature list. I was mentally acquainted with every sort of individual before I met him or her in reality."

Being definitely advanced and fortified for the vagaries of the world didn't, however, save Isabel from the series of disappointments that went hand in hand with the steps upward. Three seasons in stock and she tackled Broadway. When she bade goodbye to the Mid-West she swore to be thoroughly independent henceforth. It's what you accomplish on your own that counts, in her estimation of values.

There was such a lean streak, after she landed in New York, that her major debut was precisely in the nick o' time. She substituted for an understudy who wasn't quite up to carrying off the feminine lead in "Up Pops the Devil." Isabel had an hour's rehearsal and went on to render so capable a portrayal that she was retained instead of the regular star. If that isn't making the most of a break, what is?

She got to Hollywood in the spring of 1932. "Blessed Event" was transferred to films and she was brought along from the original cast to duplicate a supporting, but important emotional role. The way she vitalized it drew raves. But Isabel didn't draw any offers for eleven months!

THE between-engagements blues she'd experienced in New York were mild compared to what she's had to face in Hollywood. Eventually she did wangle another exceptional dramatic picture assignment, and was duly praised. When nothing resulted she campaigned for a comedy part at the local El Capitan Theatre. "Counsellor-At-Law" was subsequently screened and Isabel was again drafted to copy her stage characterization. But now she was classified as a wisecracker in the studios' listing.

M-G-M appreciated her ability and Isabel had her fingers crossed earnestly when she was awarded a contract. Prospects were grand until the Mexican escapade of Lee Tracy's, exaggerated by the newspapers, seemed to kill most of the budding enthusiasm for promoting her to stardom. She was in love with Lee, and she loyally stuck to him when he was in trouble. Then in the ensuing year her romance with him went on the rocks. So did her career.

Meanwhile, blindness had robbed her father of his sight. Isabel had sent for her parents and in their adversity had become their chief prop. She spent all she could scrape together in the endeavor to restore the precious vision. There was a brief flare of hope—only that.

Many a fan assumes that once you have a name you're set. Isabel's case is evidence that a reputation literally can be of no consequence. Everyone agreed she

was worthy of particular consideration. Still nobody in Hollywood offered her any.

Heartsick, personally and professionally, she did the only thing she could. She hung on, because she'd heard they were producing "A Tale of Two Cities." She asked for a test as the little seamstress whose gallantry highlighted the tragedy at the guillotine. They laughed and dismissed her as not the type.

"For three and a half months I kept pestering for attention. They tested a number of actresses and I suppose they ultimately tried me to shut me up!" Isabel wasn't conscious of the fashionable, curious circle around us. The babble of the restaurant went unheeded. "I got the role on the provision that I stand by ninety days after I was through, for possible retakes. Well, when I was done with my bit I was ready to quit Hollywood. That was just last summer, mind you. I had $400 and another week's salary due. I planned for the folks to return to Shoshoni, where they could live more inexpensively in our home there. I took the train for New York to forget this business and get back on the stage.

"In three weeks I lined up several plays. But I learned I couldn't accept any of them on account of perhaps having to return to Metro for added shots. No one would schedule opening with me when I might have to fly here." So Isabel was stymied still again.

"But if I hadn't had to come West for re-takes I wouldn't have been on tap when 'Ceiling Zero' was being cast. And the release of these two movies is what pushed me into the swim all over again!"

SHE approached "Lost Horizon" with humble thanks. "This is the first time I've had a tip-top part out here to begin with. I've always had to make a dozen or so lines blossom into a fairly decent-sized role before."

I'd been wanting to put a question to Isabel, and this was the moment. "Do you imagine you'd have been happier if you'd never become an actress?"

"I couldn't have been anything else," she answered simply, unhesitatingly. "I don't know why. But if I couldn't act I'd hardly care to live!"

Naturally it is this burning zest for her vocation that has caused her to excel at it. It's a thrilling calling to her and she relishes the demands it makes on her intelligence. "If I'm a hundred I'll not have learned all the fine points," she states ecstatically.

"Until today I've never had a sense of anything but uncertainty about my future in Hollywood. Now—well, I fear even breathing what my hunch is!" She knocked on the table. And it was wood. A sparkle supplanted the mute sadness I'd detected in her blue eyes when we'd sat down.

What if she has been terrifically in love on three different occasions, and has suffered the pangs only one who's loved in vain can understand? There's not much consolation in the adage that while there's life there's hope. But there is a generous measure of solace in work that's pleasant. You can attempt to be so busy that you'll not feel so alone.

As we emerged into the sunshine of Sunset Boulevard the admiring throng that waits for movie celebrities rushed en masse to demand Isabel Jewell's autograph. I managed to whisper in her ear, "I've a hunch you're through building up to awful let-downs!" She wrote with her right hand and crossed the fingers of her left. She glanced up abruptly and smiled.

THOUSANDS AMAZED HOW NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT INCREASES WEIGHT



1 Rich, red blood necessary to carry proper nourishment to build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by the easily absorbed iron in this new discovery.

2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of the food you eat, requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.

3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisonous waste and thereby promote health and growth, requires adequate Vitamin B. This is the third important purpose.

SCIENCE PROVES IT'S UNNECESSARY FOR THOUSANDS TO BE SKINNY



Posed by professional models



Gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks, reported

DON'T think you're "born" to be skinny and friendless. Thousands of men and women with this new, easy treatment have gained pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh — *in just a few weeks!*

Not only has this new 3-way discovery quickly brought normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package — or your money refunded. Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Inc., Dept. 38, Atlanta, Ga.



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BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

British Importation

(Continued from page 55)

shook hands. "I sometimes don't know how she sticks it. It must be love—that's all. Will you have a sherry, cocktail, highball?"

I took a sherry and so did Madeleine. "Tell them I like wine, but, of course, not to excess. I don't want anyone to get the idea my back hair falls loose, my eyes grow fishy, and I beat my husband in my cups—although, I really should," she added, looking fondly at him.

"You see there's reason in my madness. I'm not new to Hollywood. My last visit didn't turn out as well as I'd hoped. In 1934, while I was swimming in the cream over in England, I was sent over here of an exchange by Fox with GB."

"Whom were you exchanged for?"

Her eyes grew mischievous as she said with mock self-admiration, "Oh, for Dietrich, Garbo, Crawford, and a few Gables and Powells thrown in."

SHE went on. "The truth is that Hollywood brought me in on a tidal wave of publicity. The press screamed. The heavens shook—and I—I flopped.

"It wasn't anybody's fault. It was just a case of too much publicity and too little story. They tried to make a second "Cavalcade" and there couldn't be two. The "World Moves On," with Franchot Tone, was the picture. This time I'm taking no chances. I'll settle for no publicity and a lot of story."

"I believe she has what she wants," put in the good Captain. "I saw her first picture, 'The Case Against Mrs. Ames,' and, to put it frankly, I thought Madeleine was marvelous in it and 'Chinese Gold' will be another success."

"Now it's my turn to protect you from him," put in Madeleine. "He's prejudiced, so how can one tell?"

The Captain grew a little warm. "Don't believe her. I rarely go to the cinemas. I'm terribly hard to please. Walter Wanger, who imported her, has given her a contract for ten pictures more—thereby fixing it so that I will never see my dear wife again in all probability."

"Astley's affairs are calling him back to London—he's a real estate broker," explained Madeleine. "Never mind, darling, there's always the cable, the long distance telephone. And soon there will be the California-London clipper, and you can come out for week-ends."

The Captain looked glum. "A kiss by cable isn't quite the real thing, is it?"

Madeleine curled her shapely legs beneath her. "I shall begin at the beginning. I was born very dully on a dull day in a dull suburb of Birmingham, England.

"My father was the eldest of a family of ten Irish kids. He hated the farm where he lived and so worked his way up to the Professorship of Philology at Birmingham University.

"When he was twenty-six someone told him it was time to get married. So the dear old thing dashed over to Germany to get a fräulein who would help him with his German. The thought of love never reared its beautiful head. Being unsuccessful in Germany, my father next tried France, where he met a priest who knew a Miss de Rosière—she lived in a chateau without any furniture. Fresh from a convent, my poor mother knew little of the facts of life, beyond the hard fact that her family was too poor to provide her with the necessary dot or dowry. I always wonder what her thoughts were the day she peeped through the keyhole at my father while the marriage arrangements were being made. Much as I love him, I must confess he is no Clark Gable.

"Strangely enough, the marriage turned out very well and out of this non-dream world uniting of the French and the Irish sprang the English rose!"

AND Madeleine sat back demurely, suppressing the fun that was behind her twinkly eyes by looking modestly down at the carpet.

"The rose," went on Madeleine, "at this period was a short, humorless, pipestem leg and arm creature lost in her books. Her father entertained sanguine hopes that she would in due time become a professor like himself. And so she entered Birmingham University, wearing tortoise shell glasses, and ready to take so many degrees as to end up a living thermometer." Suddenly she turned to Captain Astley. "Astley, darling, have I told you about Christopher Mann?

"No? Then prepare yourself. Christopher Mann was my calf love. We went to school together. One day they were casting a play at the University and Christopher advised me to try out for it. He said I ought to be an actress.

"So, carrying a flower, I walked into a bleak room filled with critical faces. It was also a bleak day, and the fantastic poetry I had to recite sounded even bleaker to my nervous ears. To this day I don't know why I was chosen for the lead.

"We played a week at the local Birmingham Repertory Theatre—English college plays are cast from professionals and college amateurs both—and afterward the head of the Repertory offered me a contract. I was willing, but father wasn't. So out I went into the world and became—a school marm.

"I tutored the six children of a second-hand clothing dealer in Birmingham, then when it got me I went down the Sussex coast and taught real school. When I had saved twenty pounds I went to London.

"Meanwhile, Christopher Mann had given up college and entered the London theatre business, solely to devote his life to me.

"I think Christopher must have run up and down Fleet Street (that's London's newspaper row) screaming the name of Madeleine Carroll until everyone thought him a madman. To this day I still meet press men who remember it. Today, Christopher is my personal manager abroad, very successful, and our calf-love has gone the way of all such things.

"In spite of Christopher's efforts, London was not waiting for me with open arms. So I went through the usual hardships—living on thruppence worth of fish and chips a day—that sort of thing that is lots of fun to remember. I finally got a start as a maid in a touring company in a play called 'The Lash.' I had three lines to speak and got fifteen dollars a week for speaking them. And so I lived in all the cheap boarding houses of England for a period, meanwhile modelling hats and wearing out shoe leather when the run ended. I couldn't write home for money, as my name wasn't mentioned at home.

"One day I dropped into a film studio, quite by inspiration, and asked for crowd work. You may well imagine my amazement when I got a screen test, and the leading part in 'The Guns of Loos.' The producer explained that I was the ideal English type. (As you know, I'm only

English because I was born there!)

"'The Guns of Loos' put me over—"

"And then," put in the Captain, "my break came, and her hard luck began. She slipped out of sight one day and came up on the shores of Lake Como, married to —me!"

"You see Astley and I had been oversold to each other by a matchmaking witch, prominent in London society. So naturally we avoided each other. Then one day we met, liked each other, decided not to stop doing so, slipped off to Lake Como and did it. We were married with great secrecy, but an old Milanese photographer got a snap of us looking like something the cat had dragged in, and the picture came out in all the papers.

"After I returned to England (after the American experiment)," said Madeleine. "I was very lucky. I had two successful pictures, 'I Was a Spy,' and 'The Thirty-Nine Steps.' But I still wanted to come back to Hollywood.

Hollywood is a woman's Paradise. Not, of course, that I'm giving up England forever, but they'll have to struggle along without me for awhile.

"For after all," went on Madeleine, "in time Hollywood and London studios will be indistinguishable, except for the fog. My chief complaint against England is that they were typing me in too dignified roles—thrusting a queenliness on me that I didn't deserve or desire."

"You weren't too dignified in those 'Thirty-Nine Steps,'" I said.

"Thanks," smiled Madeleine. "It's true I wasn't, but they were trading on my reputation for dignity to get the effect they got. Alfred Hitchcock, one of the greatest directors in the world, in my opinion, knew that I was shy and a bit unhappy about the dignity business so he decided to play a practical joke on me. Do you remember the handcuff scene?

"Well, the first day of the picture, before I ever had met the leading man, Robert Donat, Hitchcock had his brain wave. Although the handcuff scene didn't come until the middle of the picture, he decided to shoot it first. It happened that I had hurried to the studio that morning without breakfast, thinking I would snatch a snack sometime betwen scenes.

"The first thing that Hitchcock did, knowing that Donat and I were perfect strangers, was to handcuff us to each other and pretend to lose the key. By ten o'clock I was a wreck. I wanted to get the handcuffs off, go and freshen up a bit, but I didn't feel like lugging this mere acquaintance along, charming as he was. I appealed to Hitchcock, he sent us to props. Props hadn't the key. The brute never found the key until one o'clock. He admitted later that he wanted to get a lot of discomfort into the scene, and he certainly did."

I rose to go. "But you haven't told me your idiosyncrasies, you know — your favorite color, and whether you rub your salad bowl with garlic."

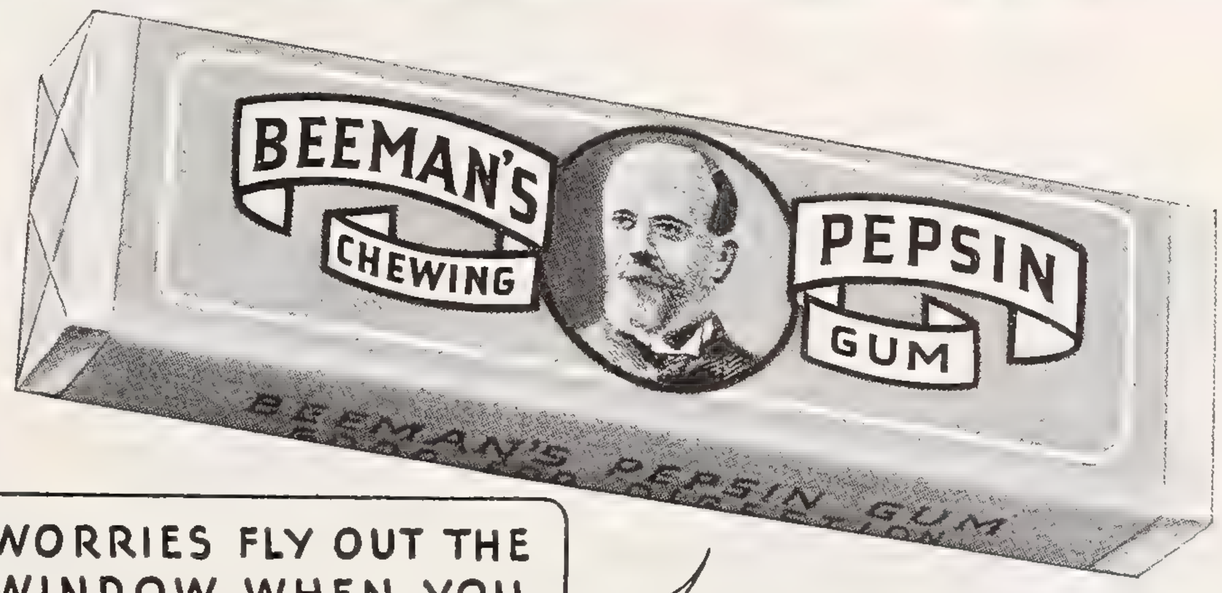
She answered promptly. "The rainbow contains my favorite colors. Furthermore it may interest your women readers to know that my hair was once mouse-colored but is now ashblond. I like to read religious books. I absorb other people's accents like a chameleon. I like to slip away from London with Astley to live on bark and berries in a little primitive stone house in Sussex. I pursue the single course plan of dieting to keep my weight down to fighting Irish," she rattled on breathlessly. "I am mad about politics. Vionnet makes all of my clothes and I hate to give up my old ones. I play tennis. I don't smoke. I ride in an old sweater, I once delivered a lecture on peace. And now you tell me—do I tick?"

"Miss Carroll," I said, "you tick."





Hollywood's most popular socialites at the Victor Hugo. They are Merle Oberon, David Niven, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.



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BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development

She Knew What She Wanted

(*Continued from page 39*)

has a breath of scandal touched her.

"I always liked the boys," she laughed with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. "During those first two years in Hollywood I had several crushes. But they were all on the side. Irving was the only one who really ever counted."

WHEN Norma's first motion picture tests, due to bad lighting, brought out defects in her eyes and the extremely short skirts, then in vogue, revealed the fact that her legs were not straight, the average girl would have given up in despair. Although it took weeks of endless effort, the spirit of Shearer found a way of overcoming the seemingly impossible. As Norma herself said, "I literally made myself over—built an entirely new personality."

With each picture Miss Shearer makes she seems to perform that miracle. For weeks before she started work on "Romeo and Juliet" she was seen about Hollywood with her usually sleek hair curled and grown to shoulder length, such as Juliet wore. Her evening gowns were long and full and flowing. Like a cocoon turning into a butterfly Norma was subtly taking on the characteristics of Juliet.

And that indomitable spirit of Shearer again asserted itself when, for three months previous to the start of the picture, Norma devoted from two to three hours a day working on the intricate 15th century dance which takes place in the exquisite ball room scene where Juliet first meets Romeo.

Dormant muscles that for years had been disciplined to relax so they would soften the slender curves of Norma's pliable body and further enhance the romantic parts her roles demanded, had to be brought back into play and put under perfect control.

Said Agnes de Mille, who not only spent months of research work in perfecting this dance sequence, but who also personally supervised Norma's instruction, "It was sheer force of will and determination that enabled Miss Shearer to control unused muscles and master the routine. A truly remarkable feat for an untrained dancer."

And, I might add, almost a superhuman feat for the mother of an infant.

Back at the time of the birth of her son, all Hollywood began asking, "Will Norma settle down to the role of Mrs. Irving Thalberg?" That question was soon answered when, eight months later, Miss Shearer was back at the studio making a picture saying, "A career makes a woman more interesting and inspiring to her husband."

All through her years before the camera the Shearer spirit has never quailed when she felt she was fitted to play a desired role. Her secret rehearsals for "The Trial of Mary Dugan," her first talking picture, in spite of the fact that Mr. Thalberg felt she was not suited to that type of role, is an example. Again when she overcame opposition in making "The Divorcee" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," her success proved that she again was right.

Just when Hollywood had decided that a career meant more to the ambitious Miss Shearer than anything else in the world, with action swift and direct she swept all that she had fought for aside, in order to go to Europe with her husband whose health had been undermined by a severe attack of influenza.

Here was another side of Shearer. Her love and devotion for Irving Thalberg meant more than anything else in the world.

When Norma returned to the screen a year later—a long time for any star to absent herself from pictures—she set a precedent by taking up her career where she had left it, with a warm welcome from her admirers.

Some time before "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was finished Hollywood knew that "the Thalbergs" were expecting a "blessed event." Again at the height of her career Norma had dared to jeopardize it. "Perhaps this time," Hollywood was saying, "Norma will be through with pictures."

"Why not?" was asked. "She has everything. Everything that women the world over yearn for and dream about. Beauty, fame, money, a successful marriage, a social position, a son and a daughter. She has had her cake and eaten it, too. She won't be foolish enough to go back to the long, gruelling hours before the camera. What more can a career offer her?"

BUT it wasn't long before the papers were announcing that Norma Shearer was preparing for "Romeo and Juliet," the greatest role of her eventful career.

To the multitude it is difficult to understand what it is that draws Norma on and on. Those who have the idea that it is a desire for money are wrong. In spite of the princely income drawn by both Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg, they live simply and without the usual Hollywood ostentation.

"I have never in all of my life been eager to possess things," said Norma to me that day. "Not even money. I have always been superstitious about even owning a home.

"People buy a place, settle back and say, 'This is where I belong. This is where I am going to stay.' Then they find that they do not belong. Sometimes the result is quite terrible. Not until we had a son did Irving and I feel that we should have a home of our own.

"It is not money or possessing things that count with me. It is success."

Success must be the answer. That intense craving that will not let her settle down. That burning desire to go higher and higher in the adventure of life.

That spirit was paramount when she commenced work in "Romeo and Juliet." "This will be one of the most thrilling adventures of my career," she said. "To do something through the new medium of the screen, that the stage has never been able to produce."

Norma could no more settle down to domesticity and pass up the opportunity to play "Juliet" than she could give up the idea of living. And as she has said, pictures have been a part of her life for so long that she cannot imagine life without them.

There will always be another picture, another success to struggle for, another adventure to be lived to lure Norma on. The spirit of Shearer is unquenchable. To what heights it will lead even Norma does not know.

One of the "Biggies"

(*Continued from page 11*)

the Eddie Cantor broadcasts for weeks; he croaked his loyal support to Al Jolson, and also to Fred Allen (incidentally, his favorite comic); and he was a mainstay of the "Buck Rogers" serials.

"In one of 'em," he grimaced at the recollection, "I played 'a web-footed dwarf king living under water.' His name was Og. O—g. I was so good they wouldn't let me quit." Jay sighed. "That disillusioned me," he said.

He got into broadcasting by accident, as he has into most things. Although he'd had six years on the stage in Manhattan, there wasn't enough activity to keep him busy all the time. So he tried writing ether skits as a sideline. He ended up playing one of his own characters.

THOSE six years in the theatre had been, in their way, as extraordinary as anything else that happened to Stander. He was cast in flop after flop, until, at the close of the sixth season, he'd counted up to twenty-eight. He didn't really mind, though—as fast as one closed, he'd go into rehearsal with another.

His stage debut was accomplished quite unexpectedly, and almost without conscious volition on his part. Stander had been reporting for the Long Island News when a friend took him backstage at the Provincetown Playhouse. The director, James Light, was rehearsing a Biblical parable called "Him," by e. e. (lower case!) cummings. He needed a Roman centurion who could shoot crap. The friend nodded toward Stander. "There's your man."

Jay walked up, delivered a phony spiel on his "career" as an actor, and added that by training, condition and heredity he was a crapshooter. Not only did he get the job, but by the night of the premiere he was filling five other minor roles in the same piece.

Stander was nineteen then. Besides reporting, he had done almost everything you can think of in the five years just preceding. It began at fourteen, when he first left home. His first job was as an office boy in a shirt factory. Subsequently, he became a taxi driver, a tile-setter's helper, a ditch digger, foreman in a picture-frame shop, a lifeguard, a waiter, and a salesman for, variously, photo-lithographs, automobiles, printing, insurance and newspaper ads. As messenger boy for a bond house, he lost $167,000 worth of securities. He got them back three days later, but not his job.

Stander's passionate interest in world affairs, his decidedly liberal leanings, are probably an outgrowth of his contacts with life in its many metropolitan phases. Some of them were bitter, although he himself has never felt the pinch of want. Born in New York City on January 10, 1908, of German-Russian parentage, he attended the local public schools intermittently. The eldest of three children, he spent a good deal of his youth setting a bad example for a brother, Alvin, and a sister, Frances. He was kicked out of nine institutions of learning. One time he ghost-wrote a book on political economy for a professor who, a conservative himself, appeared serenely unaware of the quite opposite implications of his published work.

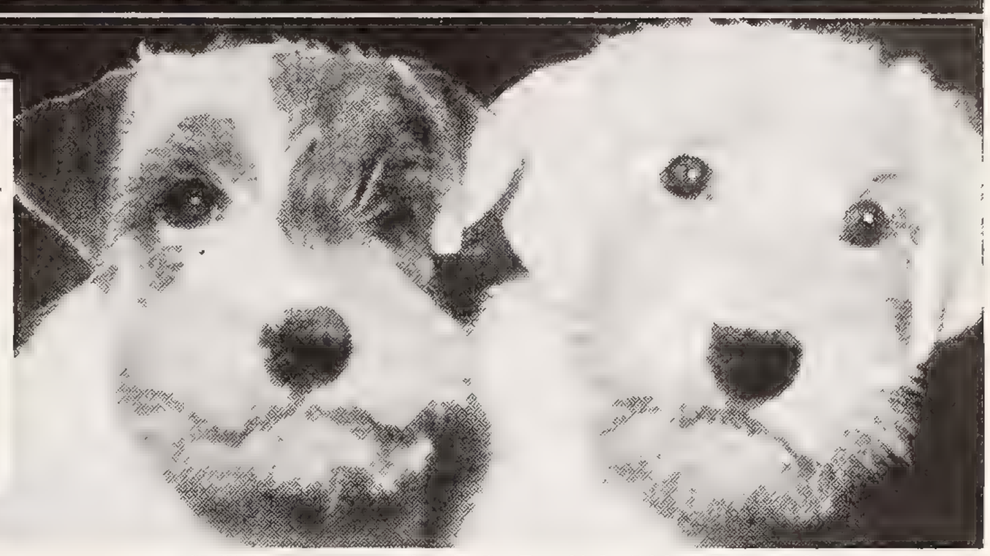
Today, at twenty-eight, Jay finds himself one of filmdom's "biggies." But he isn't kidding himself. "Now," he croaks, "they

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Another feature for August is "Such Men Are Dangerous," a complete novelette of army life in the Philippines, the story of the general's granddaughter who was shunned by the officers and men because they feared she would "kiss and tell . . ."

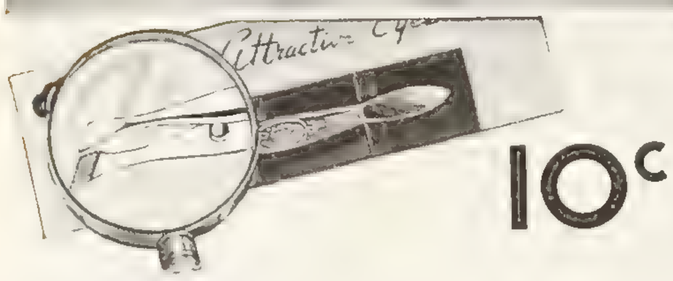
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want to make a dramatic actor out of me. Nix on that stuff! You won't catch me carrying any plot on my shoulders. I started as the comedy relief and I'll end up the same way."

Stander has a great many unconventional notions about Hollywood.

Actors are bored, he says, bored because, whether they know it or not, they are the least important cog in the movie machine. He calls them "inanimate objects"—except for those few moments before the cameras!

ALL they have to have," he barks, "is a physical sense of orientation, like a pilot making a landing—where to stand, so that the camera and lights hit the mark, and how to read lines out loud."

He believes pictures should represent the collective efforts of author, director, technicians and players, rather than the dominance of any individual or group. He is violently opposed to censorship, declaring that a writer faces too many taboos today to turn out anything significant.

"As a result," he snaps, "pictures are all form and no content."

He has read only two scripts through, and never memorizes his lines literally. "I don't believe in it on my own time." He gets an idea of the character he's to play, and then talks it over with the director and the other performers. Says it's more spontaneous that way.

A phrase-coiner at the drop of a hat, Stander says Hollywood's celluloid "insulates everybody against reality." Its movies are "contributions to cosmic ennui." A bachelor, he "approves" of women. "I think they're here to stay." Seriously, his romantic interest at present lies quite outside his profession. He's never, he insists, been in love with an actress. But then all women intrigue him, more or less—all except "careerists."

His other personal tastes run to sweet cocktails and loud colors in clothes. He has a healthy animal hunger for food, particularly tartar sandwiches. He likes to sneak away for a night on Central Avenue, Los Angeles' Harlem, and is fascinated by all types, black as well as white. He cares nothing for outdoor sports, but likes cards and pool. He is a great reader of economics and world affairs, and can't stand to hear a ticking clock.

Under contract to Columbia, he has a wholesome respect for Frank Capra, his director on "Mr. Deeds." "Capra," he observes, "takes a Cinderella story, a romantic escape fairy tale, and tells it in realistic, hard-boiled terms."

A kind of Cinderella man in his own right, half-cynic, half-idealist, Stander sprawls between pictures on his hill overlooking Hollywood, croaking delighted defiance and pausing, now and again, to pull out a bright new quarter and flash it in the sun.

But that, nowadays, happens less and less often.

He's one of the biggies.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 25*)

kidnapping case. Rumors spread, and soon a mob, whipped into a frenzy, attacks and burns down the jail. Their supposed victim gets out alive and arranges, through his brothers, to have the mob leaders tried for murder. After a jury returns a verdict of guilty for twenty-two of them, Tracy, smitten by his conscience, walks into the courtroom and proves his identity. Spencer Tracy, with most of the camera's attention, is always compelling, and there are good performances in lesser roles by Frank Albertson, Bruce Cabot and Walter Abel.

★★★ The King Steps Out
(Columbia)

Grace Moore makes another celluloid comeback in this picture. Miss Moore sings beautifully, as usual, but acts and looks considerably better than usual. The story is a gay and giddy one of a princess who tries to save her sister from marrying a man she doesn't love, even if he is the king and Franchot Tone besides. The princess, Grace Moore, scorns all the court red tape and loves the simple life. Her father, Walter Connolly, also scorns the court goings-on and loves the simple life, but with plenty of beer. They set out to persaude the king that he doesn't want to marry into their family. But King Tone mistakes the helpful princess for a dressmaker and promptly falls in love with her, shocking the court and practically killing his mother, the redoubtable Elizabeth Risdon. By that time the other princess decides the king is pretty nice, too, and has poor Gracie thrown into prison. Everything, as you may have suspected, turns out happily ever after. Walter Connolly almost walks off with the honors with his performance and Elizabeth Risdon is excellent. Franchot Tone in gold braid and ringlets looks a bit silly but don't let that keep you away.

Preview Postscript

Miss Grace Moore was no doubt more upset than ever when this picture was previewed. After complaining to every newspaper in the country that she was through with Hollywood since singing three days straight to a cow, the milking scene was cut out . . . Mr. Von Sternberg has a decided antipathy to color on any set. Whenever possible he eliminates it, as in the garden scenes for this picture. Those posies were all from the studio floral shop, hand-fashioned of cotton and silk fabrics and painted with aluminum paint. All the interior scenes were painted with white enamel . . . For once the extra with extra poundage got a break. On this picture only the ones definitely on the buxom side were considered, since this particular period in history was not partial to grapefruit.

★★★ The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger)

An intelligent murder mystery seems to be a rare commodity these days, which is one reason why "The Case Against Mrs. Ames" is a welcome addition to this month's bill of fare. Expertly written and played to the hilt by a cast headed by Madeleine Carroll and George Brent, it is by far the best of the last few months' crop of mystery films. The story concerns the efforts of Madeleine Carroll, as Mrs. Ames, to clear her name of a murder charge. When she's acquitted the prosecuting attorney, George Brent, sets out to prove that the gal is guilty. Instead, he falls in love, and, convinced she is innocent, helps her find the real murderer. The picture moves rapidly all the way and builds up to an exciting and perfectly logical climax, also something rare for the mystery numbers. Madeleine

Carroll, in the lead, is one of the most beautiful gals ever to face a camera, and George Brent does a swell job with the best acting opportunity he's had in some time. In the supporting cast, Alan Mowbray, Arthur Treacher, Beulah Bondi and Eddie Brophy are outstanding.

Preview Postscript

Madeleine Carroll has one of the most unique hobbies in Hollywood. She loves to talk about the "flops" she's taken in her career. What's more, she advises any young actress to beware of overnight success. . . . Richard Carle's been wanting to retire for the past fifty years. Fifty years ago when he started acting, Richard Carle was looking forward to the day when he had enough money in the bank to purchase an easy chair, felt slippers and a ranch. He's had the money in the bank more than once, but just when he would plan a shopping trip some producer would dangle a contract in in his face. Over a quarter of a century was spent starring in Broadway roles and now Mr. C's in constant demand for films . . . Scotty Beckett wants to retire soon from this acting racket, too. The six-year-old who has been in more than forty pictures in the last year has an ambition to be a "juicer"—one of those gents who scramble about at dizzy heights above the sets and manipulate giant Klieg lights.

★★ Nobody's Fool
(Universal)

It's Edward Everett Horton in the title role, and that's 'nuff said for any Horton addict. The story is just about as silly as anything could be imagined and therefore admirably suited to Edward Everett's charms. With a heart of gold and a head of cement, as Glenda Farrell, his gal friend, lovingly describes him. Mr. Horton is the instigator of a remarkable plan to tear down New York City and build up a city of happy homes for happy mothers and fathers. His naïveté is meat for a gang of realty crooks, headed by Frank Conroy and ably assisted by Glenda Farrell. They have a plan underfoot whereby they hope to beat Cesar Romero, a rival racketeer, out of some property. One look at Eddie and they decide he's just the man to spring the news on Romero and his gang and take the beating. One of Eddie's outstanding qualities is his willingness to oblige and make everybody happy. Through a series of uncanny blunders he succeeds in making everybody happy, the district attorney and the two gangs of crooks fast friends, the property in question a site for a model tenement, and himself the proud possessor of Glenda's hand in marriage. Fun for everybody!

Preview Postscript

Edward Everett Horton celebrated a birthday while this picture was in production and a gala surprise party was given him in Glenda Farrell's bungalow on the lot. Instead of the birthday cake, though, the cast presented him with a basket of champagne which was almost as nice a sentiment, anyway. On waking up the morning of his birthday, Edward Everett was surprised when he looked out the window. All over the lawn on his Encino estate were scattered bright red flower-pots, in each of which was growing a white geranium. It developed that this was the gift of Arthur Treacher. Mr. Horton had them planted along a walk and from now on it's to be called "Treacher Walk" . . . Florence Roberts is known as Horton's unofficial mother. Since they worked together in stock in Philadelphia many years ago a fast friendship has grown up between the two. You'll never see a Horton picture without Miss Roberts tucked away in it some place . . . Horton is known in Hollywood as the most helpful guy in town. He has been known to encourage more newcomers with advice and money than anyone around these parts. Henry Hunter, an extra on this picture and a newcomer to the movie lot, was suddenly startled to find his hand firmly gripped the first day on the set, and hear a cordial welcome from Mr. Horton, followed by an even more cordial invitation to lunch.

★★ Jailbreak (Warners)

At least there is a new angle to this familiar yarn about what goes on behind the gray prison walls. The picture opens with a bunch of the boys whooping it up in San Quentin. The atmosphere is anything but pleasant between the deadly rivalries, intrigues, etc., soon evident among the inmates, to say nothing of the way they all go around making faces at each other. Then come the killings and on the heels of them Barton MacLane, detective. But, of course, he is still scratching his head over the wrong clews when the daredevil reporter, Craig Reynolds, wangles his way into the penitentiary and solves the mystery to his own satisfaction if not the audience's. We have a profound respect for the Reynolds profile and only wish we could feel the same way about his histrionic assets. Prison walls can't keep a girl out of a Warner picture, so here we have June Travis as a former secretary to one of the present corpses. Miss Travis' role requires her to stand around with a look of horror all over her pretty face and she does this very well. George E. Stone, Eddie Acuff, and Addison Richards are part of the grim scenery and perform adequately.

Preview Postscript

George E. Stone became so fond of his prison uniform that he bargained with the studio wardrobe department and bought it. Now he terrorizes the neighbors by mowing the lawn of his Beverly Hills home in full convict regalia . . . Fifteen old-time prize-fighters were hired to give an authentic touch to the hard-boiled prison scenery. Gentler folk you've never met than these two-hundred-pounders, decorated with mashed-in noses and cauliflower ears. Their only failing was still being slightly punch-drunk. Whenever a bell rang, pandemonium broke loose, and actors and crew not in the pugilistic class ran for cover until the fifteen fought it out among themselves . . . Dick Purcell and Craig Reynolds didn't lack instructors in that fight scene, but it took three days to film. The first day the boys were afraid of hurting each other, and the results looked just like it. The second day Dick knocked Craig cold and the third day Craig reciprocated. And it all takes just thirty seconds on the screen. . . . Next to Vince Barnett, Craig Reynolds holds the title of Hollywood's most impractical practical joker. His favorite victim on this set was June Travis. Unfortunately, Craig discovered that June is terribly susceptible to tickling. To such a degree that just the word whispered in her presence can send her off into gales of giggles. It is considered a miracle by those in the cast that June even managed to get one shot in this picture with a straight face.

★ Palm Springs (Paramount)

"Palm Springs" is the month's low in musical pictures. It has, however, a couple of assets, so let's record them before we chant the dirge. Assets: Two excellent songs ("I Don't Want To Make History" and "The Hills of Wyoming") and Fran-



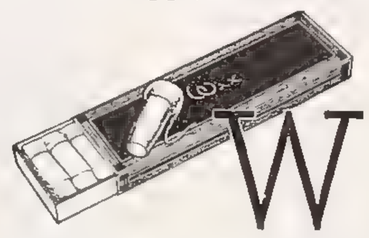
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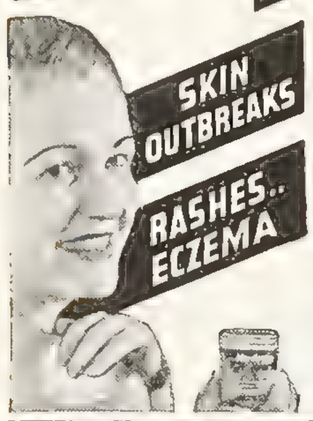
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ces Langford to sing them. Liabilities: An impossible story, amateurish direction, and a mistake in choosing a leading man. Smith Ballew, the orchestra leader, has the role. He plays an honest cowboy, and he plays him like the hero of the senior class play. The story points out the evils of the rich, and explains sanctimoniously that a girl will be much happier in a shack with the world's dullest cowhand than she possibly could be in a penthouse with a millionaire. The whole thing adds up to an unfortunate vehicle for Frances Langford. The little gal with the big voice can go places if someone will give her a halfway intelligent picture. Ernest Cossart, Sir Guy Standing, E. E. Clive, David Niven and Spring Byington head the supporting cast.

Preview Postscript

Although a typically American story with the California desert as background, British-born actors predominate in the cast. Sir Guy Standing, Ernest Cossart, David Niven and E. E. Clive all hail from the British Isles. With the exception of Niven, all won stage fame in their native country before coming to this country. David Niven turned actor after coming to Hollywood on a pleasure jaunt. Now he's going to stay just as long as Merle Oberon does. Many visitors on the set commented on the remarkable likeness between Frances Langford and one of the "bit" players. At last it was revealed that he was Frances' brother, Jimmy Langford. Employed in a New York theatrical booking office, young Langford decided to vacation in Hollywood this year and, after procuring three extra roles in no time at all, decided to stay and see what happens. He's just 25 years old and figures there's time to work up. . . . An isolated location site on the desert near Palmdale, Calif., a two hours' ride from Hollywood, was the setting for this picture. The principals in the picture and cast and crew made the round trip from Hollywood each day, while a watchman was left to guard over the studio-constructed ranch buildings and "props" set up in the desert. This watchman was the victim of a bizarre hold-up which has set authorities agog. While making his rounds one night the watchman suddenly felt a gun poked in his ribs. A few minutes later a truck came bumping over the road. While one robber kept the watchman covered, two others loaded everything movable on the truck. When the troupe showed up on the set the following morning only a skeleton set remained, so artisans and more watchmen were rushed from Hollywood.

★★ Three Wise Guys

(M-G-M)

Of course, you know that two such attractive people as Betty Furness and Robert Young will live happily ever after, but M-G-M certainly makes things tough for them for a while. Betty is the "front" for a couple of meanies, Bruce Cabot and Raymond Walburn, in a profitable skin-game. She agrees with her partners to give Robert Young the works on learning of the gentleman's annual income. Being only a woman, after all, Betty falls in love with Robert. And to prove that it's not Robert's bank account of which she is enamored, she sticks to him even when he's disinherited, out of work, in jail, and so on ad infinitum, even to giving birth to a babe on Christmas Eve in a barn. The story is weak enough to wobble, but Miss Furness and Mr. Young manage to make their characterizations so light-hearted and likable that it completely saves the day and the picture. Raymond Walburn's urbanity is enjoyable as the brains of the crooks, while Bruce Cabot is satisfactorily menacing in his determined efforts to ruin Betty's life. The picture ends in a grand finale of lilies and bluebirds when Bruce saves Robert Young from the penitentiary by returning some money which he had stolen.

Preview Postscript

Beautiful Palm Springs was the location site for one of the most important sequences of this film. The cast was overjoyed, since the sound of "location" is enough to make any Hollywood actor or actress ill, as most locations are in uncomfortable, dreary spots far from civilization. Those swimmers you see in the picture are actually Olympic champions who were staying in the desert and practising daily in the El Mirador Hotel plunge. . . . Bruce Cabot is gradually earning the enviable title of meanest meanie in celluloid. He's always doted on playing the rough numbers, but for years the studio thought the Cabot face was too sweet a one for those roles. Just when Bruce was on his way out of Hollywood the studio gave him a chance to do what he wanted.

★★ The Last Outlaw

(RKO-Radio)

Say what you will about "horse oprys" they can be depended upon for a good plot with some sure-fire thrills thrown in for good measure, which is more than the average drawing-room drammer can guarantee. A good cast provides another excuse for seeing this picture if your low-brow tastes need justification. Harry Carey, Henry B. Walthall and Hoot Gibson are sincere and likable in their roles, furnishing plenty of excitement with their attack upon a band of desperadoes who are hiding out in the hills. Carey has returned to the home town after 25 years in prison and has found everything changed with the exception of his old friend, Henry B. Walthall, the town sheriff. Margaret Callahan is Carey's daughter, but unaware of it, since Carey doesn't want her to know he is an ex-convict. Hoot Gibson is the slightly aged cowboy who is enamored of Margaret. A bank hold-up brings everything to a neat climax, since the bandits escape taking Margaret with them as protection against too much gun play. In the heroic rescue she finds that Carey is her father and that Hoot is the man she is going to marry. No, it won't increase your blood pressure, but the picture will provide an evening's good, wholesome fun, if you think you can take it.

Preview Postscript

There was a grand reunion staged on Set 12 at RKO Studios the day this picture went into production. It was the first get-together that Henry B. Walthall, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson and Director Christy Cabanne had enjoyed for years. Back in 1912, when movies were seen and not heard, Christy directed these three gents in a real thriller, "West of the Wild Rockies." The gala atmosphere prevailed throughout the picture's production, and when the company returned from a ten-day location trip near Bakersfield a unanimous vote was cast to the effect that never had there been such a jolly cast and crew.

★ Love Begins at 20

(Warners)

If you like the Hugh Herbert brand of comedy, you won't be disappointed in this tale of an American family and its trials and tribulations. Most of the latter, of course, are due to papa, a mild little man whose one talent is washing dishes. Nothing seems to wring the heart so much as one of those scared-rab-

bit twitches of the Herbert nose, and Hugh gets plenty of them between housework and listening to his domineering spouse, Dorothy Vaughan. But suddenly over the dishpan all Hugh's pent-up emotions burst forth. The result is riot, no less. Between getting fired, knocking out his boss, getting mixed up with bank bandits and landing in jail, then coming home bloody but uncowed, Hugh has himself a time. Patricia Ellis is good to look at as his daughter and reels off some brand new wisecracks. Warren Hull is satisfactory as the nice young man who has honorable intentions toward the heroine, and Dorothy Vaughan is convincingly bossy. But it's a Hugh Herbert picture pure and simple.

Preview Postscript

The company had a hectic time chasing from Warners' San Fernando studio to their Sunset studio, for the interior of the main character's home was built on the latter lot, while the exterior was on the larger valley lot. Every set at Warners' larger studio was being utilized and in order to complete the picture in the scheduled three weeks it was necessary to chase around in this fashion. . . . Hugh Herbert spent all his spare time on the lot drawing plans for the elaborate new swimming pool which he is going to have constructed on his San Fernando ranch, "El Rancho Herberto." The pool is to be lined with plate glass mirrors so his guests can see how silly they look when taking flat dives. The ranch is Herbert's pride and joy, and at present he is raising a special grade of goats. Each year the Herberts specialize in a different crop—of grain and livestock.

★ Early to Bed (Paramount)

The marital adventures of Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles seem to go on forever. In their latest comedy of domestic affairs they manage to struggle through another series of farce comedy situations which will probably amuse most audiences, although they never reach the heights of hilarity they achieved in such memorable little numbers as "Mama Loves Papa" and other earlier efforts. This time Charlie, a timid little clerk in a glass eye concern, asserts himself long enough to propose to Mary Boland, to whom he's been engaged for twenty years. Their honeymoon is spent trying to land a big order from a vacationing glass eye tycoon, George Barbier. The fact that Charlie is a sleep walker accounts for a number of old-time Mack Sennett gags, some of which are funny and some of which could have been left with Mr. Sennett. Ruggles and Boland are as good as their material allows them to be, George Barbier and Robert McWade are excellent as a pair of big business men, and Gail Patrick is wasted on a minor role.

Preview Postscript

Charlie Ruggles' long talks with the "prop" department had everyone guessing. But the reason was soon uncovered. It seems that they had made him a pair of rubber feet so Charlie could run around in that wet grass without making this his farewell picture. Of liquid rubber, the feet were fashioned on a plaster cast of the Ruggles foot, allowing room for a pair of socks underneath, and you'd never know from nothing. . . . Lucien Littlefield has been threatening for some eight years to express himself on paper instead of celluloid. And he's made good the threat at last, by collaborating on this story's scenario with Chandler Sprague. . . . This marks Mary Boland's first picture since her return from the New York show, "Jubilee." If she has her way, Miss B. will stay right here, too, thank you. Says the stage bored her and she'd much prefer a series of quickies in Hollywood to the most successful play on Broadway.

★★ Trouble for Two (M-G-M)

Based on Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Suicide Club," Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are presented in a mythical kingdom setting. Bob and Rosalind are both handsome in their curls, and the picture is entertaining at times, but one leaves it convinced that M-G-M will have to take steps if Mr. M.'s popularity is to be maintained. The simplest step, of course, would be to provide him with a good picture. In this one he's a prince who hops to Paris to get out of marrying a princess of a neighboring kingdom. He doesn't know, at the time, that she's Rosalind Russell. In Paris, looking for excitement, he joins The Suicide Club, a gay little organization which kills one of its members at each meeting. In Paris he also learns that the princess he's been ducking is the same gal he's been chasing all over town. So two mythical kingdoms are happily united in marriage. Montgomery and Russell are both competent, but their work is overshadowed by better portrayals from Frank Morgan, E. E. Clive and Louis Hayward.

Preview Postscript

Robert Montgomery not only gained that moustache in the last few months but some fifteen additional pounds to boot. No one is more puzzled than Mr. M. about the latter, since those swanky costumes he wears forced him to stand up for some two months straight while on the set. Satin breeches are very nice to look at but very bad to sit in, so "standing chairs" used by the "Ziegfeld" gals were brought in to recline on. Frank Morgan, however, came out of the picture some five pounds less hefty. Says it was the strain of keeping an eye on Montgomery while they played backgammon—which was every minute that the two were not in front of the cameras. They played standing up, on a table raised a couple feet from the ground. . . . Miss Russell spent every spare moment on the set scribbling away on reams of paper, or gnawing countless pencil stubs with a far-gone expression in her dark orbs. It developed that she is writing her life story in scenario form. She's had two offers to date for the MSS. when the last soul-searching sentence is completed.

★ Bunker Bean (RKO-Radio)

Mildly amusing is this latest picturization of Bunker Bean's adventures and misadventures. What high spots there are have been achieved in spite of the story by an excellent cast, notably Owen Davis, Jr., Robert McWade, Louise Latimer, and Jessie Ralph. One or two scenes nearly brought down the house, particularly a grape-rolling sequence, but we couldn't quite believe in some of the hilarity. For instance that a young man smart enough to add six columns of figures in his head would fall for a fake mummy imported overnight from Egypt. The victim of a terrific inferiority complex, our hero goes to a seeress and finds that in a previous reincarnation he was Napoleon. Straightway he begins modelling his wife on Bonaparte tactics, progressing far enough to spank the boss's daughter. But Napoleon evidently didn't know too much about women so Bunker again visits the seeress and begs to be someone else. He ends up with twenty thousand dollars in the bank and the boss's daughter on his lap, if you care.

Preview Postscript

Everybody had a lovely time; that is, every-

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body but Louise Latimer. Owen Davis, Jr., wasn't accustomed to spanking blonde young ladies, so the scene took practically a whole day to perfect to the director's satisfaction. . . . Owen Davis, Jr., boarded a plane for three-weeks' vacation in the East on completion of his role in this film. He rushed to Skowhegan, Maine, where he will appear for opening week in Owen Davis, Sr's., play, "Icebound." While in New York he belonged to a club of six young men who met each week for lunch. The member who had received the best "break," theatrically speaking, that week treated. There were many weeks when all six bought their own lunches. The other five were Henry Fonda, Ross Alexander, James Stewart, Brian Donlevy and Elisha Cooke, Jr.

★★ Bullets or Ballots
(First National)

It's a cops-and-robbers affair, with Eddie Robinson, as New York's toughest detective, playing gangster to fool the racketeers and break up the town's biggest crime syndicate. The Robinson role is no doubt patterned after the career of Johnny Broderick, hard-fisted Manhattan detective, who always regarded a poke in the nose more effective than a subpoena. At any rate, Eddie has most of the mobmen tipping their fedoras to him, so when he's publicly fired from the police department the boys are only too glad to hire his services for their own needs. Little reck they with the law, as the saying goes, for the whole thing is a ruse on the part of the coppers, and Eddie uses his new position to help clamp the lid on the city's vice rings. If you like gangster pictures full of monosyllabic mugs and guarded references to "the big bosses," you will undoubtedly enjoy the familiar routines of Mr. Robinson and his supporting cast, which includes Humphrey Bogart, Joan Blondell, Barton MacLane, and Frank McHugh.

Preview Postscript

The stuntman gang is no secret to movie fans—that gang of boys and men who risk their necks to save the star for the fade-out embrace. But few of them know the pug-ugly gang. The pug-uglies are a fraternity of thespians whose faces are so out of kilter that they look mean enough to push an alligator in the face. Most of the brothers are ex-prizefighters or circus performers and a football player or two, who have either fallen on their heads at various times or been smacked in the face with a baseball bat. They're just plain ugly. But those bashed noses, scarred cheeks, cauliflower ears and punch-drunk eyes are beautiful for gangster films, and what's more, mean real money to their owners. There are about twenty-five working on this film who were seen in "G-Men," "Little Caesar" and "Public Enemy." . . . A pistol expert was summoned to First National for this picture. Real bullets had to be shot at Barton MacLane, Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson in order to show the wood splintering above their heads for one scene. The three gentlemen were fussy and insisted on a professional.

★ The Golden Arrow
(Warners)

There should be a law against Bette Davis lending her talents to anything less than Grade A Certified stories. We're not fussy enough to expect an "Of Human Bondage" too often, but "The Golden Arrow" definitely got us down. Looking at Bette is never time wasted and George Brent's profile is still far from depressing, but neither fact can compensate for the plot. It has to do with another of these richest girls in the world, whose life is cluttered up with yachts and polo ponies and foreign princes. Your heart will be wrung with the pity of it all. So is George Brent's, to such an extent that he tells the poor little rich Bette that he will give up the honorable profession of reporting in order to marry her and protect her from her princes. For the rest of the picture your sympathies are supposed to be with poor Mr. Brent, restless in the lap of luxury. The fade-out was really refreshing, though. In place of embraces, Mr. Brent and Miss Davis exchange black eyes.

Preview Postscript

Bill Guthrie is the man at Warners whose job it is to find locations, no matter how impossible, at a moment's notice. Luck was with him for once when he was told to locate a yacht that would be scrumptious enough to belong to the richest girl in the world, nee Bette Davis, in this opus. The E. L. Cord yacht, "Virginia," was in Long Beach harbor and Bill obtained permission to use it. It only costs $1250 per day to keep this "rowboat" afloat. . . . One of the most impressive sets ever to go up on the studio lot was the night club set. The room was 120 by 145 feet, hexagonal in shape. The walls were panelled for huge murals in blue and silver and 40-foot drapes of white crepe velvet extended across arches. The orchestra platform and furnishings of the dining-room were in chromium and ivory. . . . Eugene Pallette has appeared in more than 967 pictures and could have been in a lot more, but won't sign a contract with any studio but Warners. The reason being that they understand about ducks. And ducks are the main thing in Mr. Pallette's life. He never works a minute during the duck-shooting season and never works any week-end during fishing season. He's been in the movies ever since silent days and, next to ducks, thinks they're the finest institution in the world.

★★ The Princess Comes Across (Paramount)

The shipboard romance of a concertina player and a Brooklyn gal masquerading as a Swedish princes is the story here, and with Carole Lombard doing a swell impersonation of Garbo one might well expect a pleasant and amusing comedy. Unfortunately, before the boat is many miles at sea, the whole thing turns into a murder mystery of little more than mild interest. Carole, it seems, is a chorus girl stranded in Europe, far from her beloved Brooklyn. With Alison Skipworth, a Flatbush friend, she conceives the princess idea, lands a Hollywood film contract and sets sail for America. Aboard also is Fred MacMurray, band leader and confessed concertina manipulator. He falls in love with the royal lady from Brooklyn, but their romance is impeded by the presence of several surly and suspicious characters, one of whom seems to have something on almost the entire passenger list. When the murder mystery takes over the picture, the fine Lombard comedy is tossed into the background. However, the film may be worth seeing for the Lombard moments and for her amazing resemblance, in some scenes, to The Great One. Siegfried Rumann and Porter Hall are excellent in supporting roles.

Preview Postscript

On a Lombard set you will always find the gifts flying high, wide and handsome. First of all, every day Carole orders cases of coca cola delivered on the set for everyone to consume; then on the slightest provocation she bestows gifts on one and all, from the prop boys up, and on the picture's com-

pletion another deluge comes. . . . Sets for this picture were scarce but elaborate, depicting, for the most part, the interior of a luxury liner. These were all built on the studio lot and most of the exteriors were shot at San Pedro, except for one or two of the boat on a stormy sea. The "stormy sea" is a 20-foot-square pond on the lot on which a miniature ship is launched. While a wind machine blows up wild waves, an assistant stands at either side of the pond rocking the boat back and forth while the camera gets a perfect shot of a great ship battling the elements.

★★★ Fatal Lady (Paramount)

Mary Ellis is lovely as the "Fatal Lady"—the ill-starred singer who is involved in one mysterious murder after another, being forced to abandon her grand opera career and join a travelling South American company at one time and at another having to accept a job as entertainer in a Paris night-club. This picture should establish her as a competent and delightful screen personality. Though her voice is as fine as ever, Miss Ellis' acting has gained immeasurably in sincerity and assurance since her last film venture. Except for one overture, the music has been composed exclusively for this picture. In the well chosen supporting cast are Walter Pidgeon, Alan Mowbray, Ruth Donnelly, Norman Foster and Guy Bates Post. Whether you are an opera addict, a mystery fan, or just a stickler for good entertainment, you will find this picture worth your while.

Preview Postscript

Walter Wanger happened into the Grand Opera House, Los Angeles' first theatre, just before it was to be pulled down. He was so fascinated by the ginger-bread decorations, plush curtains and sentiment of the building which has reverberated to applause for Edwin Booth, Lillian Russell, Richard Mansfield, and scores of other stars of bygone days that he prevailed upon the city to delay razing the building until he could get a sequence written with this setting. Studio artisans redecorated the interior of the house for its final blaze of glory. Hollywood actors and 1000 Latin-type extras sat in the boxes and orchestra section once occupied by the upper crust of Old Los Angeles and witnessed a performance by Mary Ellis and a "grand opera company" of more extras, while batteries of cameras and microphones, strung along the galleries and stage, recorded the action. The ancient structure had never been so brilliantly illuminated . . .

★★★★★ The Green Pastures (Warners)

Majestic in its simplicity, "The Green Pastures" brings to the screen Marc Connelly's delightful drama of Heaven as seen through the eyes of God-fearing colored folk, and makes it one of the finest photoplays ever to come out of Hollywood. There isn't a movie name in the entire cast of Negro performers, but there is a compelling sincerity in their acting which helps materially to make "The Green Pastures" the beautiful screen drama that it is. De Lawd is an humble man who rules Heaven with a gentle hand, and one grieves with him for the sins of his "chillun" down on earth, whom he can't seem to control. "Heaven" is a delightful place with fluffy cotton clouds, where fish fries and "ten-cent seegars" are the order of the day. You'll see the Angel Gabriel, who never quite gets a chance to blow his horn; Noah, who has a spirited argument with De Lawd on the wisdom of taking two kegs of whiskey aboard the ark; and Moses, who delivers the Israelites to the Promised Land. It's folk-lore magnificently told, with Rex Ingram, as De Lawd, and all God's "chillun" giving superb performances.

Preview Postscript

Marc Connelly, author of this Pulitzer Prize winning play which ran continuously on stages all over the country for five years, has been working on the screen adaptation since last September and just finished the day before shooting on the picture began, in February. Having all that room provided by movie sets was joy to Mr. Connelly. For he has been accustomed to seeing the biggest scene, the fish-fry in Heaven, played in a space 44 feet wide and 26 feet deep in the Mansfield Theatre in New York and often the stages on the road were considerably smaller. But on Stage 8 at Warner's studio they were provided with an area 325 feet wide and 275 feet deep, just a little short of two acres. Hundreds of angels could be used in place of a mere handful, while the whole scene gives an illusion of unlimited space and beauty . . . "Heaven" was just a series of two-foot high hillocks overgrown with linen grass, miniature live-oak trees with crepe-paper moss swaying in the breezes from an electric fan. Painted backdrops of canvas provide the vast stretch of Louisiana bayou country.

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More Good News

(Continued from page 23)

Now that their divorce is on the way and they can be friends again, Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles spent a pleasant evening dining at the Trocadero. It's funny how clubby people can be the minute they are no longer legally required to be civil to one another. Perhaps that's why the friendly divorces outnumber the friendly marriages in Hollywood. Anyway, Arline was in such a good mood that she purchased five dollars worth of cigarettes and cigars and gave them all right back to the cigarette girl.

■ ■ ■

Luise Rainer got herself arrested again for speeding a few weeks ago, and that gives her the undisputed Hollywood championship. This time her studio called her in on the carpet and gave the young lady a heart-to-heart talk about things. Incidentally, her current gentleman friend, Willie Wyler (Margaret Sullavan's ex) spent a week-end in the Beverly Hills jail for doing seventy miles an hour in a residential section. Maybe Luise was chasing the guy.

■ ■ ■

Mary Brian's first Hollywood role in some time is in "Spendthrift," in which she plays a villainess, and all we know about it is what we read in a press agent's item we found under an old wastebasket. Here it is: "Mary Brian greeted her first role as a villainess with glee, but her mother has found occasion to be slightly worried about the situation. So worried, indeed, that she has taken to

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Turn to Page 18

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Patricia (Honey Chile) Wilder, recently in "Bunker Bean," is snapped leaving New York's smart St. Moritz Hotel.

baking cookies and things each morning for Mary to bring to the studio with her. Just to preserve the home influence." Pass the cookies, Mary.

■ ■ ■

Re George Brent it is interesting to note that when the sombre Swedish lady returned to Hollywood he was not on hand to meet her. A gallant band of admirers, photographers, and the press awaited her at the Pasadena station, but she fooled them by getting off the train at San Bernardino. Another Garbo surprise is that she's being nice to everyone these days. "I don't mind being photographed," she told a cameraman, "but all the photographers think I do, so they hide and jump out at me from behind buildings." So Garbo is melting, although up to the present writing no one calls her Toots.

■ ■ ■

Love Among the Younger Set: A few weeks ago Richard Cromwell completed his swimming pool and invited a number of his young friends to the grand opening. The night was lovely and the moon was up, or something, so Dick decided it was a fine time to propose to Gracie Durkin. He dashed into the house to comb his hair and rehearse his lines, and came out to find his loved one holding hands with Bill Henry, who also thought it was a lovely night.

■ ■ ■

When Leslie Howard finished his work in "Romeo and Juliet," he and his family were all set for a dash to New York and a trip abroad. Bags were all packed, and in case the studio phoned the maid was instructed to announce that the Howards had left. At the last minute the phone rang. It was Norma Shearer, said the maid, and she wanted to say goodbye to Mrs. Howard. Mrs. H., making an exception for Norma, picked up the phone and was greeted by the voice of Irving Thalberg. "Tell your husband to get right over to the studio," said Irving. "We have some retakes."

■ ■ ■

Without doubt one of the finest pictures Hollywood has ever made, "The Green Pastures" will appeal to audiences everywhere for its beautiful simplicity and for the grand acting of Rex Ingram as De Lawd. During the making of the picture, De Lawd had his troubles. Being something of a ladies' man in private life, De Lawd found his salary attached every week to mend the broken heart of some gal who interrupted her weeping long enough to hire a lawyer. As he announces in the picture, "Bein' God ain't exactly a bed of roses."

■ ■ ■

The best thing in "The Princess Comes Across" is Carole Lombard's amazing resemblance to Garbo in several scenes. Carole plays a bogus Swedish princess in the picture, and she must have been doing a bit of rehearsing in a Hollywood department store, for someone spied her and yelled "Garbo!" Immediately Carole was the center of a group of enthusiastic women who tugged and pulled at her until she shrieked, "Pulleaze! I'm only Jane Peters." Jane Peters is Carole's real name, and she isn't Garbo at all, but she knows how it feels.

■ ■ ■

This seems to be a month of thrilling swimming pool rescues. This time Jeanette MacDonald is the heroine of the story, and the victim dragged from the briny was Stormy Weather, her pet Skye terrier. Stormy swam too long and too hard in the MacDonald pool when he discovered he was too exhausted to pull himself out. A few yelps brought Jeanette, who jumped in, clad in her lounging pajamas, and pulled him out. And here's something for which you can hardly forgive Jeanette. Know why she calls her dog Stormy Weather? Because he's such a dark Skye!

■ ■ ■

Saw Gene Raymond on the set of "The Bride Walks Out" on one of the hottest days of the year, bundled up in an overcoat and scarf. He wasn't cold—he was posing for a plaque. Plaques, by the way, are the latest Hollywood fad. Instead of sitting for a portrait, you sit for a plaque. Hundreds of copies can be made, and some stars are sending them out to their fans. Don't expect them from everyone, though. Each one weighs two pounds, and one almost has to be Garbo to stand the mailing fees.

■ ■ ■

Richard Arlen, who has just returned from making a picture in England, was surprised to learn that over there every star has, besides his stand-in, a double. Mr. A. insisted he didn't need a double, since his role required no cliff-hanging, but the powers that be impressed on him the fact that a star without a double is frowned upon. So Dick checked through his English fan mail, and hired a young man for the job. The guy had nothing to do, but he saved Dick his social standing.

■ ■ ■

Almost everyone who could wheedle a pass visited the "My Man Godfrey" set at Universal, simply because everyone wanted

(*Continued on page 100*)

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

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MORE GOOD NEWS . . .





to see Bill Powell and Carole Lombard together. After all, they were once married, weren't they, and here they were co-starring in a picture. But what amused most of the sightseers was director Gregory La Cava telling Bill and Carole what to do in their love scenes.

■ ■ ■

When Peter Lorre returned from his trip abroad he rushed home to greet his household, which consists of two black cats and a dog. The cats tendered him a fine welcome, but the dog, who had completely forgotten him, regarded his master with considerable suspicion. As a result, the dog now belongs to a friend, and the two black cats have the Lorre home to themselves.

■ ■ ■

Social Note: Warren Hull, of this city, was host recently at a stag shower in honor of Donald Woods. Mr. Woods is an expectant father. The guest of honor was presented with many delightful gifts, a few of which he could bring home to the little woman. The rest were more or less unprintable.

More Hollywood doings! Top row, left: a right jolly, British-looking outing is this foursome at a recent Cricket Club match. David Niven, with cricket leg guards and bat, chats with Merle Oberon. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Knowles beside the lunch basket. Below, Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler and George Brent (with moustache) at the Warner Brothers annual banquet. Top row, right, Fredric March and lovely Jean Muir talk things over at a recent party at the Victor Hugo. And the same evening, Scotty gets a rare snap—Jean Arthur with her husband.

When Luise Rainer had to do a crying scene in her current picture she worked herself up to such a pitch that the weeping went on even after the scene was completed. On the way to her dressing room, still crying, she ran into Joan Crawford. "What's the matter?" asked Joan. "I can't help it," sobbed Luise. "I cry for the picture, and I am still sad." A few moments later Luise answered a knock on her dressing room door to find a messenger with orchids from Joan. Touching?

At the M-G-M commissary Jean Harlow orders a salad. The waitress brings a stupendous and colossal concoction looking like something out of "The Great Ziegfeld." Harlow gasps, "Good Heavens! I thought Adrian was out of town!"

■ ■ ■

Talked to Bing Crosby on the "Rhythm on the Range" set between shots. Bing, in boots and a ten-gallon hat, took time out to tell us that this is the first time the movies have put a crooner on horseback. "It took a lot of courage," he explained, "but we finally found a horse that didn't mind."

■ ■ ■

"Rhythm on the Range" is no ordinary western, according to Bing. It's an epic. We asked him to prove it and he pointed to a prize bull standing majestically on the set, giving us the left profile. "See that bull?" he asked. We said we did. He directed our gaze to another bovine gentleman a few feet away. "See that other bull?" We said we saw him, too. "First bull's stand-in," said Bing.

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